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I HAD—I HAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY H. B. H.

"The things we might have loved
Remain as they have been—
Truth, ever lovely, and one heart
Still sacred and serene."—FESTUS.

I had a bird—a bright, gay, winsome thing—
Whose songs of gladness cheered me day by day;
One morn I saw it droop its golden wing—
It shuddered, gasped, and gently passed away:
And then I wept that, from my yearning heart,
One sweet, unsullied thing should e'er depart.

I held a tender flower within my clasp,
Whose fragrant breath was spread on all around;
Too rude my touch, too selfish was my grasp—
The petals fell on the unworthy ground;
Within my hand alone the stem remained,
While with the thorns my quiv'ring flesh was pained.

There was a tree whose sheltering branches made
A spot so welcome in this world of care,
I lingered long in its seductive shade,
And built bright castles in the golden air:
There came a crash—the noble tree was torn
By lightnings fierce, and I was left to mourn.

I sought the sparkling waters of a spring,
And, kneeling, bathed my throbbing, burning head,
And drank such draughts as health and vigor bring,
And then arose, refreshed and comforted:
The fever-heat of life had waned and gone,
And with new hope again I straggled on.

Now, days are cooler, and the flowers less fair
Than in those sunny hours of buoyant youth;
But I have found that jewel, rich and rare,
Of changeless Love and never-dying Truth,
The radiance of whose lustre, soft and bright,
Illumes the days that else were dark as night.

"*The Larches*," *Sept.*, 1876.

ROSE:

THE SPLENDORS AND MISERIES OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

Translated for The New York Clipper from the French of Edouard Cadol.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

In truth, one evening, after performance, he awaited Rose, and, accosting her, demanded permission to act as her escort. He desired to converse with her. His husky voice and a perceptible difficulty in finding words betrayed intense excitement. She listened to him with a shudder. He uttered nothing but complaints, declaring himself to be misunderstood, driven to desperation, and weary of life.

Reaching Rose's domicile, he was so overexcited that she dared not separate from him. It was one o'clock in the morning, and she continued to walk the streets. Throughout the quarter of the Madeleine silence and desolation reigned. He persisted in talking, assuming the condition of martyrdom, accusing everybody, and, when alluding to his wife's incapacity, shedding tears. Rose, spellbound, shocked, listened to him without betraying her thoughts. In this manner they reached the Champs Elysees, which they crossed as far as the wharf. George pointed to the Seine, the ripple of whose stream, breaking against the darkened shore, was glistening in the pale moonlight. He proposed that there both should die, that they should plunge, breast against breast, lip to lip, into the tranquil and gloomy waters. The poor girl, terrified, half fainted at his feet. One of those marauding hacks, seemingly ashamed of light of day, passed in the distance. George ran after it, brought it to the wharf, and caused her to mount therein. Then the unfortunate woman surmounted her weakness, and, keeping George at his distance, declared to him that nothing in the world could reunite their destinies.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Never! I will not play the part of a scoundrel. I would render myself a monster. And you, George, you who have children!"

She imagined, through this allusion recalling him to himself, to interpose an insurmountable barrier between them. George, chilled instantaneously, was simply wounded. He left her at her door, and re-entered the hack.

On the morrow, Rose perceived him in conversation behind the scenes. Laughter followed his remarks, yet laughter of a peculiar style; they were laughing not at the words, but at the speaker. A moment after she observed him teasing a ballet-girl.

"Have you seen George?" inquired Flourquinet. "Has he spoken to you?"

"No," responded Rose. "What ails him?"

"He is drunk."

"George?" exclaimed the girl, horrified at the idea.

"As David's sow."

She went to find him. He smelt of absinthe; he was inebriated and repulsive. Despite herself, he occupied her mind. Idealist, like every worshiper of art imbued with those authorative dogmas by means of which romancers imagine to poetize the most deplorable passions in demonstrating their necessity, the overcandid Rose inquired of herself as to her innocence in the degradation of this "great man." Was it not the despair of love reducing him to that condition? Had she not forced him into that gulf? She thought of other celebrities famous in the annals of poetic alcoholic debasement. Might he not one day be found hanging at the corner of some lane?

More than a month passed away. "The Old Folks," which had had a renewed run of one hundred and eighteen nights, was about being superseded by a spectacular drama in which Rose had been assigned no part. Neither had she been cast for a character in the standard play to follow. An idea occurred to her.

"My dear Flourquinet," said she to the manager, whom she sought out one morning, "I have come to request of you my liberty for three months."

"What for, my child?"

Rose hesitated; then, confiding in the man for whom she treasured gratitude, she unbosomed herself. She desired to flee from George.

"And to what use will you put your leave of absence?" inquired Flourquinet.

"I will go to America."

"To perform?"

"No."

"On the contrary," resumed the manager, "you must do so, my child; it will occupy your leisure, divert your thoughts, inasmuch as you will never have strength of mind sufficient to appreciate, left to yourself, your true position. You have loved George; you have imagined him to possess talent—genius even. These constitute first impressions which women with hearts constituted like yours cannot banish unaided. You will never see sufficiently clear to acknowledge having been, and still being, a dupe. Do not be angry," he added after a pause, "I do not intend to humiliate you. I entertain towards you a serious affection, and I esteem you more than anyone in the world. You have probity and a kind heart. You are a sincere friend, and, moreover—moreover, you have superior abilities."

Perceiving Rose desirous of interrupting him: "Allow me to continue," he said; "I have preceded with a remonstrative gesture. "For me to speak to you frankly and freely, it behooves you to understand your own case. Well, my dear child, did I perceive you to be in such imminent danger that—were there need, for your preservation, to interpose myself between you and George, I would say: 'In spite of my age, marry me.' I am certain to run no risk, and by this one act I would extricate you from that young man's disastrous influence. But," he added with a smile, "be not afraid on that score; the peril is not so grave as to demand so threatening a remedy. Go abroad—that is much the better. Were you any other kind of woman, I might advise you to seek other loves. Do what you would—merely detach your thoughts from George. Like every other man of small caliber upon whom Fortune has smiled, he attributes her favors to his own talents. Even now, through lack of solid merit, did he possess an elevated character he might maintain his position. But no. All he possesses is a streak of luck. Abandoned by that, he is certain to fall, and who knows but that, upon your return, you will find his destiny consummated?"

She misunderstood the manager's prognostication.

"Dead!" she exclaimed.

"I cannot say," responded Flourquinet. "It would be as well for himself, and still better for his wife and children."

Rose took exceptions with respect to the unfortunate man's talents, maintaining that, had he chosen, or still might choose, he would stand in the front rank. Nevertheless, she confessed her weakness in his behalf, and it was arranged that, on the day after representation of the new piece, she should take her departure. In the meanwhile she made her preparations. Proportionately as the hour for departure approached, she experienced strange feelings of relief—the anticipation of liberty. The moment for her emancipation was about to arrive.

One morning, upon arising from her bed, there came a ring at her bell. In the absence of her servant, Rose opened the door in person. It was George. Far from weakening at his sight, she gathered her entire energies, foreseeing a decisive struggle. She felt herself prepared, and accepted the challenge.

"It is you," said she. "Be it so—come in."

George was pale. His eyes, feverishly animated, were sunken and encircled by a sepia-colored tinge. He passed into her apartments in advance of her, and when she rejoined him within her little parlor she found him seated, and, to all appearance, calm.

"Listen," he said. "I can no longer prolong the existence I now lead on your account. I have attempted everything, and without success. I desired to stupefy my brain through drink, and finished through ruining my health. I have gambled; I have passed my nights in carousals with females of reckless manners; I have nailed myself to my writing-table and engrossed my faculties in absorbing labors. I have attained no good end. Without you nothing further is of interest to me, and I clearly see that I am a lost man."

"What can I do?" was the response. "Nothing."

"Everything!" rejoined George. "You can recreate me into a man, a writer, an author." And, as she shook her head: "You can do still more," he added. "You can reinfuse into me energy to accomplish my duties."

"Through aiding in their betrayal?"

"Betrayal of nothing. To conjoin my artistic soul with yours will not defraud my children."

"And your wife?"

"My wife has ever been but a friend to me. I could not bestow upon her my love; for you, alone of the world, have I loved. My wife! I place no further reliance upon her. Her ideas, her education, the sphere of her birth, all are so opposite to mine that she can merely accord to me that shadow of consideration which she would owe to a tradesman, a man in everyday business life. But as a leader in the theatrical world, a being composing imaginary narratives for the enjoyment of mankind, of the necessities for such a man's existence she has no knowledge. She corresponds in nature exactly with your aunt. Were she to-morrow to learn of my having a mistress, she would reiterate, without explosion of reproach, without feeling of injury, an expression familiar to my ears in similar cases: 'What of it? among people of that class!' In her eyes we are beings of an exterior world, eccentric and inconsequential, who know not ourselves."

He was assuredly a calumniator, although innocently through lack of understanding his wife, through lack of possessing that discretion enlightening any other man as to the superiority that woman should assert by reason of her dowry and of her common sense. He did not believe that he chanced to deceive himself in assuming Aglae to be unmoved at his infidelity. He had been informed that anonymous letters had reached her, concerning which she had made no mention to him. He knew not that the poor woman had confined herself to tears in solitude. He placed no reliance on her, he said. Thus did he believe, and in proof was annoyed thereby; still, his error consisted in his short-sightedness. By reason of that education he denounced as low-lived, she desired to see in him, and in him only, the family's head, the father to be honored above all. One sentence had particularly struck Rose. To what arrogant way was that wife indebted for the consciousness of injuries which she should feel and yet forgive with such an indulgent spirit? For, in spite of the tone of voice in which George delivered the words "People of that class," Rose did not misconceive their import. They meant not aggressive raillery or an expression of anger, but rather conveyed a sentiment of pity, of sincere compassion.

Rose was agitated to such a degree that she scarcely listened to George when, altering his tone of voice and reverting to that interesting him above all things, he recommenced speaking of himself, of his sorrows, of his despair. Animated as if life and death depended upon the issue, he implored her to receive him back. Instantly humiliation, heretofore overwhelming the actress, came to her rescue. What was his definite aim, what his proposition? All the poetry in the world, all the phrases of rhetoric, could not disguise its meaning or extenuate its indelicacy. He desired to resume relations with her as a lover.

No! once again, No! And she grew indignant while repelling the gratuitous insult. He wept. She stood firm. He threw himself at her knees, she courageously branded his weakness. To discourage him she did violence to her nature through assuming the airs of a courtesan, and terminated by a resort to falsehood, exclaiming that her heart was no longer disengaged, that she loved another. At this he grew enraged, twirled his wrists as if to break them, and finally approached her in exasperation. She comprehended that the end must come, and, detecting in his intentions strength adequate for the performance of a scene, despite flow of tears, she confronted him face to face.

"Ah!" she said with bitterness, "have you become a dotard? Can you not understand how odious you are to me, now that I love you no longer?"

He was thunderstruck. Then he stared vacantly.

"I annoy you?" he inquired in anger.

She was terrified. And, moreover, was she not cruel? To cause sorrow to this youth, whom she had loved so tenderly, whom she still adored, whom she persisted in imagining all powerful in genius—the man who in despair at perceiving himself repelled by her had abandoned his profession, his mission, and renounced a probable career of future triumphs. She recalled to mind that day when, in trembling confusion, she had visited his house to solicit the cast, as a "double," of the part of Juliette. How humble then was she in presence of him, radiant with a first success. She recalled to memory the shady pathway at Montmorency, where he embraced her for the first time. And the night of "Celimene's Granddaughter," when she found him weeping in the stage-manager's office, and repaid the kiss he had bestowed upon her in the forest. The panoramas of their entire life unrolled before her eyes; the bright pictures only—love quickly obliterated the remainder. And it was she, a "double," who now dared torture him, George—him, La Trefaille! She was prompted to throw herself at his feet, to beseech his pardon, to kiss the hem of his garment. She had strained her vigor to its utmost; her will, worn out by a prolonged effort, wavered and vanished. To utter another word was equivalent to breaking her heart's chords.

"You have cause for reflection!" said George to her in a hollow voice. "Still I must learn my fate; it is necessary for you to answer me, and answer me you must! Do you love me?"

A whirlwind smote Rose's brain, resolution resumed its sway, and, with a convulsive effort:

"No!" she replied.

George foamed at the mouth beneath physical excitement. It appeared as if he would have strangled Rose with his frenzied hands. She saw nothing, for her eyes involuntarily closed.

"It is well," he said. "Adieu! I will annoy you no longer."

And, taking his hat, he abruptly quitted the apartment. Scarcely had he closed the door than Rose, standing erect, her face suffused with tears, advanced a step to recall him, and opened her lips to scream:

"George, I have lied; I succumb!"

At that moment a discharge of firearms was heard, followed by the sound of a heavy, falling body, smothering Rose's words.

She darted forward, and, upon opening the door, perceived the unfortunate man outstretched upon the passage-way, blood welling from his breast. He had fired two shots from a revolver.

* * * * * * *

When, two hours subsequently, Aglae came to seek the father of her children—the physicians permitting his transportation—she presented herself at the actress' domicile without apparent hesitation. Philippin and Pere Labeuf accompanied her. With dry although reddened eyes, face extremely pallid, mein firm and erect, she crossed the threshold of the door, held open wide, with a hurried, resolute tread.

Within the little parlor was discovered, assembled with the two physicians hastily summoned, Flourquinet, the stage-manager, a sergeant of the gendarmerie and the President of the Authors' Commission in the exercise of his duties. The murmur of voices guided the young wife, who, to reach her husband, had to traverse a very narrow dining-room. Therein she perceived, standing erect, alone, motionless, a woman, whose pallor, haggard eyes and disheveled hair attracted her attention, despite her determination to see or hear nothing. Decided to perform her entire duty, Aglae had, in advance, repressed every repugnance. Coming in search of her husband, she had discarded all considerations save one: "He must live or die with his home." Consequently, armed with this resolution, she vowed to surmount every obstacle. Nevertheless, upon sight of Rose in that attitude, she could not repel the melancholy impression produced upon her. Previous to entering the meeting, she had promised herself not to lay eyes upon her. Still, how could she avoid sight even in thought. What came of it? A series of incidents, frightful, atrocious, surpassing imagination.

* * * * * * *

This state of affairs lasted four years, during which George, far from resuming work and quieting his career, gradually fell beyond the final limits of degradation. He was found one morning dead in his bed.

Profiting by the absence of Philippin, who had constituted himself master of the theatre in Constantinople—where he had inaugurated the season through the production of "The Old Folks" and "Celimene's Grandaughter"—Aglae had caused the interment of her husband, under his true name of Libourt, without ceremonies, thereby hoping to avoid that literary notoriety to which, in her sober judgment, she attributed her misfortunes. But her brother marred the good of her intentions. Returned post-haste, he harrassed her so effectually that she succumbed once again—and for the last time—to his mania for making use of the name of the unfortunate author. Nevertheless, the burial could not be repeated. Philippin exerted his ingenuity; he set upon foot a subscription for the erection of a monument to his deceased brother-in-law. Funds came in rapidly. The list of subscribers was published in the newspapers. There were named a committee and a sub-committee. Theatrical performances were given in aid of the design, and there were printed on the bills, in large letters, the names of the sculptors, marble-cutters, architects, and of everybody having a finger in the pie. But ever and evermore the name of Philippin was slipped in among the published communications—so often and so well that, at the expiration of eighteen months, could be read in the various morning journals:

To-day, at two o'clock precisely, will take place, at Pere La Chaise, the inauguration of the tomb of our lamented colleague André Libourt, known in literature and the drama under the pseudonym of George La Trefailles. The Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, of which he had been elected for many terms Commissioner, have assumed the honor of being worthily represented at this funeral solemnity. Many discourses will be delivered upon this occasion, the first, we need hardly mention, by Baron Taylor; others by diverse delegates of the artistical societies having boasting honor of having La Trefailles comprised among their adherents. Finally, to close the ceremonies, Monsieur Oscar Lapondaire, the fortunate and sympathetic author of the comedy, crowned by the Academy, "The Love Misers" (which, let us remark parenthetically, drew 3,076 francs on its 171st representation—that is, if we have been properly informed), will assume the oratory on behalf of the Commission of Authors, of which he was elected a member at the last general meeting, etc., etc.

Farther on the manager of a theatre is congratulated for having been assured possession of a piece just finished by Lapondaire, a piece which we are confidentially informed is in every particular worthy of "The Love Misers." Then again, as in the instance of La Trefailles, we find among the items of current gossip:

A witticism of Lapondaire:
—.....!
—.....!
—.....!

Much more: it was the self-same!

Let those console themselves, those who oftentimes at their chimney-corners envy the reputation of ephemeral celebrities. Born of infatuation, of fashion, they experience the lot of spoiled children. At first everything is smiling to them; then the wind changes, fashion melts away, and, deserted, they fall into oblivion. Still, with what heartrendings! After Des Aulnoies, La Trefailles; after him, Lapondaire, of whom it is to be said on the morrow:

"Ah! sufficient of Lapondaire!"

"Too much, far too much, of Lapondaire!"

The evening of that day whereon, for the last time, a fraction of "all Paris" deranged itself in honor of La Trefailles, and when the discourses pronounced before his bust—due to the chisel of Ludovic Durand—marked his final hour of eternal oblivion, the train from Brussels brought to the station of the North a female whose countenance betrayed excessive lassitude and mental anxiety.

Without giving herself uneasiness concerning her baggage, bearing the railroad label of St. Petersburg, she emerged upon the Place Rubaix, and, addressing in rotation each coachman, requested to be conveyed to Champs. It was eleven o'clock at night, and none consented. Worn out by fatigue, she had made the journey direct—a great discouragement seized upon her. She crossed the Place, entered a hotel, and ordered a chamber, after having been informed as to the hour at which the first train would leave for the destination she appeared so anxious to reach.

That woman was Rose.

It would have been difficult to have recognized her at a first glance. Sorrow rather than fatigue had been the cause of her sunken eyes, of her altered countenance, whose expression was that of a singular calmness—the calm of consternation. Upon George's death—and already sixteen months had elapsed—she was able, with great difficulty, to recognize the situation he had wrought for her, the situation in which he had left her.

In addition to the pang of shame inflicted upon her by this situation, a thousand dangers menaced her. Under pretext of investing the savings of the unfortunate woman, George had plunged into speculations ruining him to bankruptcy. He had caused her to dissolve her engagement with Flourquinet. He had withdrawn her from society, absorbed her for his own profit, and rewarded her with such an existence! The decease of this man of ruin had placed her in antagonism to manifold complications peculiar to moral as well as material order. Fortunately there remained to her popularity adequate for an attempt at retrieving financial disasters. She had performed an engagement at the Theatre Michel and others at St. Petersburg. Thence she had transmitted money to her aunt, who, as we shall perceive in the sequel, had many obstacles to surmount in order to come to the relief of her unfortunate niece.

The widow was no longer young. To supplement Rose in the accomplishment of a heart-rending duty, she had been forced to break with her habitual acquaintances, and to install herself at Champs in the cottage wherein George had constrained her niece to dwell. This cottage, not more than three hundred yards from the dwelling of Aglae and her children, possessed a garden running towards the cluster of wood we have heretofore described, and separated from it by the worm-eaten wooden fence, which in no wise answered to the requirements of security.

How came it that wife and mistress submitted to dwell in this abominable proximity? Mortally stricken by that organic demoralization alcoholism sustains, George had passed from the monomania of grandeur to the monomania of despotism. Here and there, in both households, everything, up to the final hour, yielded to his violence.

The Widow Varnel, it may be imagined, had no desire to dwell there; still, at the moment of Rose's departure, no money was in possession of the unfortunate ones. It was necessary to advance to her passage-money before she could embark for her destination. Then there remained neither furniture nor jewels, and very little clothing.

As long as George had lived she had stealthily and gradually sold her effects; subsequently, she borrowed indiscriminately, in order that, between that man and her, no excuse could be offered for a final indignity—the question of interest. She disguised from him her necessities the more readily inasmuch as that, thoroughly stupefied and semi-idiotic, George no longer could follow the course of current affairs. There died this aunt of Rose, in that abode, partitioned off from the legitimate household, in some wise under the eyes of the outraged wife and mother.

It was upon receipt of intelligence concerning her aunt's decease that Rose, obtaining leave of absence, hastened to depart from Russia. At seven o'clock on the morrow after her arrival, Rose took the train. At the station of Chelles no omnibus was to be found. She followed the highway with a hurried step. It cost her an hour and a half of walking before catching a glimpse of the habitations at Champs. Insensible to the charms of this picturesque locality, experiencing at sight of each successive grove feelings of painful humiliation and unquenchable remorse, she gained a narrow pathway leading under an arbor of shade-trees to her own door. It was necessary to pass in front of the cemetery, and Rose hesitated, being desirous of visiting the grave of her aunt, and of kneeling pionaly upon it, but a still keener anguish impelled her to hasten her footsteps. Finally she reached her dwelling.

The cottage facing the roadway had its door wide open. She entered. She called aloud. No one responded. Where was the servant? Could Rose have deceived herself as to the house? No. The small stock of furniture was undoubtedly hers. She called out anew. Not a sound. With a bound, she leaped towards the staircase and entered her own bedchamber. Everything was to rights. In a corner stood a child's cot; with the bedclothes disturbed. Small-sized stockings were drying at the window, and in another corner upon the floor lay a doll, with its nose broken and its limbs distorted.

Thereupon Rose descended into the garden, hastening across, uneasy, and with a palpitating heart. She reached the little wood, and searched through it. Farther than this thicket it appeared she might progress, were propriety to have sanctioned. She would have trespassed beyond the limits, for there not existed there a fence? Having heretofore maintained herself at a distance from the barrier, she knew not exactly its locality. Nevertheless, it seemed to her that it should be at a point higher up, upon the inclining bank. Had it been removed? Ah! what was that?

Pausing to cast a circular glance around her, she imagined she heard voices towards the crest of the hill. Yes, they were voices—the voices of children, but grown ones. No odds! she ascended. Very softly she inclined herself through the thick underwood a group. She continued to ascend, and her eyes were enabled to distinguish more plainly that which she noticed in a vague manner. She made a few advancing steps, when suddenly, stricken with wonderment, she crouched behind a tuft of laurels, whose branches, devoid of foliage, afforded her entire freedom for scrutiny. Two well-grown children were devouring bits of pastry. Near them, seated on a bank, a young woman, holding another pastry in her hands, leaned affectionately over a ruddy-cheeked urchin, scarcely in its third year. The young woman was Aglae. The child was Rose's daughter. Aglae said to the little one:

"Come hither."

The child came. The young woman, having taken her handkerchief, placed it over the little one's eyes and said:

"Blow! Again, stronger. There—well done."

Then she wiped the child's face and gave her the pastry, which she accepted with a smile. But Aglae restrained the little one's arm at the moment when she had her mouth wide open.

"What should little children say?" she inquired.

The child again smiled, more sweetly than before, and answered in a silvery tone of voice:

"Thankee, mamma."

When women are virtuous, their compassion is angelic.

THE END.

A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY SEVEN AND NINE.

"Oh! please, sir, it is the last one. *Won't* you buy it? My poor child—"

He had alighted from his coupe, and was on the point of passing in at the stage-door of a theatre when this sad appeal met his ears.

The comedian—for it was a petted performer—looked at me with a gentle, caressing air, which changed into absolute pity as his eyes fell on my owner's pallid face.

"It's of no use to me, my good woman," he began; "but—well, give it me. There you are, and for Heaven's sake get yourself something to eat."

He placed a piece or money in her open palm, took me up hastily, and passed into the theatre.

"Clarence played over twice—time I was on, eh? Here, mavourneen, here's a little present for you—no earthly use to me; have oceans of them at home; admiring friends, you know."

And, before I could say *presto*, I had changed hands for the second time.

The hands I now found myself in were very little and very pretty ones, and they belonged to a young lady whose splendor of dress and beautiful appearance would have quite frightened my unsophisticated self, had not her sweet face, her low, musical voice and gentle manner immediately reassured me. I fell in love with her instantly. Then I looked around, and took in the situation.

It was but one more page of the old, old story—one more edition of the old song which has been set to such sweet music any time these thousand years, only this particular little edition had a new and special accompaniment, so to speak, of its own.

She, my new owner, was at the moment waiting to be called on, and was, meantime, the object of ardent attention on the part of an unlikely-attired young fellow, who seemed to engross her in a most serious conversation. He spoke in a low, pleading voice. It was an interesting topic, as I had good reason to know. I laid close over a beating heart, and could look up into downcast, glistening eyes. Her perturbation was so great that I have no doubt she would have felt it a great relief to have been called from the scene of genuine emotion to its stage counterfeit, that was at the moment in full blast before the footlights. Her suitor evinced no disposition to relax his urgent question, however, until his pleading was rewarded with some positive assurance.

The calliboy flashed in and out, leaving a streak of sound behind him that formulated itself into the announcement that she was "called."

"You hear," cried the young fellow ardently. "Now or never! For the last time, if you do not hate me, if you will only trust me, give me some token, just the least little bit to take away with me to-night, that I may cherish and treasure, feeling that it is a proof of your love for me, or that you do not absolutely bid me have no hope."

The calliboy again!

"Stage waits, miss'am," he vociferated.

She raised her eyes, and the light in them grew tenderly luminous as she murmured:

"I will trust you, Fred. See!" She took me from her bosom, kissed me, and put me into his hand. "And—I love you with all my heart. I will never forget you. Don't forget me!" She fled through the door, and the applause told she was in front of the audience.

My new master put me in his button-hole, but somehow he did not seem as joyful as he should have been. His face shone triumphantly one moment, but his heart was very dark. He sighed heavily, and I heard him mutter:

"Jove! what a jolly mess I am in, to be sure. Pshaw! I'm a regular brute. How can I break with Millicent? What business has a poor devil like myself with love? Can't afford it. Well, I must show up at the Stebbinses to-night. Millicent will expect me."

My master passed out of the little back stage-door, and was soon rolling along the avenue to keep his appointment. We dashed up to a brilliantly-lighted mansion, and it was not long before my owner was treading the mazes of a Strauss waltz with a proud-looking, beautiful girl.

We danced several times with the same lady, went down to supper, and then retired to the recess of a window that looked out into the thoroughfare.

"That's a very fine camelia, Fred; where did you get it. Let me look at it—nearer, please."

He flushed nervously, and muttered something about "persistent little flower-girl—bought it to get rid of her."

She held me up to the light, looking scornfully the while. Then she muttered an angry little cry.

"You have deceived me shamefully! *Who gave it you?*"

I was held at arm's length in haughty scorn. Too well I knew to what she referred. There was a tiny, vivid red streak in the centre of my petals. It was *rouge du theatre* from the face of my late sweet little mistress!

My master was silent. Again the question floated out, distinct but low, through the open window. No answer, and in the awkward silence I seemed to be conscious of a kind of choking sob coming from directly under the window.

"Then, I know what to think," she continued icily, "and of course you will know what to do. Your letters and presents will be at your rooms to-morrow."

"Stay, Millicent!" he gasped. "That flower was given me by a lady, but—but she is nothing to me, absolutely nothing! Look, this is how I value her and it!"

And, snatching me from her hand, I was tossed out into the street. I fell under the wheels of a passing vehicle, and was crushed out of all consciousness.

When I recovered I felt bruised and sore; every leaf in my body had been torn by those cruel wheels, but I was not in the road! Who could have rescued me? Who, think you, laid me away so carefully in this satin-lined casket?

Whose, indeed, are those little hands that have taken me up so tenderly on her return from the theatre for all these long years? Do I not know their gentle touch—do I not know that sweet, sad face, which regards me so tenderly—that low, musical voice, whispering *that one* name—those sweet lips, which, pressed to my unworthy self so closely, linger on me in this long, passionate kiss?

Ah! the sad stories that could be told by little faded flowers.

SINGULAR AUDIENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Mr. Sothern, in a recent interview with a reporter, said he didn't like sharp audiences—they saved him so much trouble. His words are:

"When an audience sees the point of a joke towards which I am working, I always stop. I never pursue a point after there has been a laugh. Audiences differ very much in quickness of appreciation. Some are so sharp that it is positively painful to play to them; they cut me out of so much."

If Mr. Sothern is fond of dull audiences, I think I can recommend him to several cities where he will find dullness to his heart's content.

Some years ago I played Dundreary in Evansville, Indiana, with an exceedingly good-natured manager, who never allowed the payment of salaries to weigh upon his capacious mind, but who was an enterprising man and would gobble up every new play that happened to be the special property of somebody else.

Up to the time of our production of "Our American Cousin" there, I had been playing the most serious of juvenile and leading business, such as Colonel De Courcey, Iago, Frederick Jerome (in "The Fireman"), Robert Howard (in "The People's Lawyer), and so on, and had become somewhat of a favorite, as most actors, if not all actors, will become when they play good lines of business where there are no critics of experience.

My performance of Dundreary was taken in as sober earnest as though I had been playing the Ghost in "Hamlet," notwithstanding my attempts to be very funny. I know that Mr. Sothern would have paid for the privilege of acting before the audience I encountered on the first night. Genuine sympathy was extended towards all of Dundreary's fruitless efforts to sneeze, and one auditor became so enraged at the other characters that he shouted indignantly: "Why don't you let him sneeze?"

Another man in the audience, with a look and voice of deep determination, exclaimed: "Now, you let him sneeze." This certainly looked like "business," and I was a little uncomfortable in consequence. I expected every moment to see him climb over the footlights and pound somebody on the stage for interrupting the sneezing.

We sent a boy in front to attend to the "tag," and as the curtain was about to go down he fulfilled his duty admirably, giving a good, hearty "Ahchew," "Ker-chew!" and I replied, in the language of the part: "There, now, *you've* spoiled it."

Some of the auditors hunted for that boy, and I believe if they had found him they would have made mincemeat of him. He didn't want to go in front the second night.

For several days nearly everybody I knew outside offered me a pinch of snuff with the most sedate and reverent courtesy, and it was at least a week before theatre-goers generally understood that Dundreary was intended to be comic.

Still, it is often a pleasure to be among such people, and a sorrow to separate from them. They mean what they say, they will go very far to serve a friend, and you feel secure with them while you are behaving yourself well. Evansville has changed since then, and even then it was a fine town; in confidence, from the mere fact, perhaps, that it is located on the Ohio River, which is certainly (heretical as the statement may appear) the most delightful river in the country. In saying this I bear in mind thoroughly all the beauties of the Hudson River, afloat or ashore.

When a boy I went out from Philadelphia with a company under the management of Mr. Quinlan of the old Chestnut-street Theatre, corner of Sixth street. We played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under a tent in Wilmington, Delaware, and at the piece "a fresh tent, and a "good moral piece," it brought out hundreds of people who had never seen a theatrical performance. The effect the piece had upon them must have been bewildering, judging from remarks that were made in the audience during its performance. I played St. Clair, and was shot every night in the most demonstrative manner. One day, while walking through the streets, I came to a stoop filled with women, and one of them exclaimed, in surprise: "*Good gracious! Why, he's alive, isn't he?*"

Milot, an old actor who was with me, and who, I hope and believe, is still alive, can vouch for the accuracy of the statement.

Before the war Pittsburg audiences were historic. To have a favorite there in those days must have been almost equivalent to being in Paradise, but to be out of favor was an indescribable calamity. Nobody wrote complaining letters to the newspapers, and dramatic critics were a decided superfluity. If an actor didn't suit he would hear boos alone in the audience sing out: "Here, you won't do," and that generally settled it. I don't know that the audiences ever made a mistake of judgment, either. J. B. Howe, who was one of the best actors we ever had, made an "immense hit" there, and rather took the starch out of Charley Foster's reputation. Howe, I believe, was the first actor who ever undertook to wear kid-gloves in the streets of Pittsburg. He wore straw-colored kids, too, and took no pains to conceal them. Some actors said the boys would murder him sure, but they never even objected to his "dandyism." On the contrary, they seemed to like him better for it. But, if he had not been a good actor, I can scarcely realize what would have become of him.

During the first week of the season there the audiences took a decided dislike to rather a nice young fellow, who was not very loud nor very intelligent as an actor, and they gave him several practical reminders of his unfitness for the histrionic profession. On a Saturday night the climax reached, and he was forced to address the audience. Stepping to the footlights, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have seen I can't act to please you, and I would go away if I could; but the fact is, I haven't even money enough to get out of town."

A big, raw-boned engineer or miner in the gallery drawled out: "That's all right—we'll fix that."

Sure enough, the very next morning a committee of three waited upon him, and handed him forty dollars, with an invitation to "walk a heap," which is the modern Indian for "get out."

Pittsburg also has changed since then, and now the sun shines alike upon good and bad actors, although none of them get a great deal of it while the foundries are in operation.

VICTOR PARETON.

A BOUQUET OF GAME.

Our illustration this week represents a fanciful bouquet of the different kinds of game, arranged in an artistic and beautiful manner, and set off with natural grasses and leaves of various descriptions. The apex of the bouquet is formed by a brace of partridges, suspended over the head of a hare. Immediately below these we note the brilliantly plumaged English pheasant, a mallard duck, the head of a young fawn, grouse and caper-callzee, plover and widgeon, woodcock, quail, and English snipe. The plumage of the different constituents of this novel and artistically arranged bouquet of game is naturally and beautifully depicted by the artist, who must himself have been a true sportsman.

WHAT is the difference between an editor and his wife? One sets articles to rights, and one writes articles to set.

"PATRICK, why do you write so large a hand?" "Sure, yer honor, it's to me ould mother, who is very deaf, and I am writing her a loud letter."

WHAT creeping vine is exactly four? IV.

AT SUNSET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The shadows fall across the wall,
The lovely twilight shadows;
While fades away departing day
Along the slopes and meadows.
The cricket, shrill, chirps on the hill,
And in the peaceful valley;
The homely kine within the shine
Of the last sun-rays daily.

A softened light is on the height,
And with the gloaming blended,
The shine and shade together laid
Tell that the day is ended.
The farewell ray that faded away
Touches the earth with glory,
And bids good-night to vale and height,
So ends the day's short story.

O hour divine! whose softened shine
Precedes the night and shadows,
Whose mellow light fades from our sight,
Creeping across the meadows!
How softly falls along the walls
The heart's-ease of thy bringing,
While on the hill the whippoorwill
Its evening song is singing.

O sunset hour! thy magic power
Brings back old forms and faces,
And at the hearth our lost of earth
Fill up the vacant places.
White, childish feet adown the street
Come at thy gracious calling,
They gather here, our loved, our dear,
While sunset shades are falling.

Ah, dream in vain! O bitter pain!
Our souls with sorrow stirring—
Along life's track they come not back
At sunset's hour recurring.
Beneath the cross we suffer loss,
Our hearts are sad and lonely—
Their endless day fades not away,
Ours is the sunset only.

THE OLD MINISTER.

From August Blanche's "Pictures of Reality."

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER FROM THE SWEDISH, BY CARL LARSEN.

Many persons still living in Stockholm can well remember the decease of an aged clergyman, I——n, pastor of one of the smaller churches of the city. No earthly treasure did he leave behind, nor could this have been expected of one in his position. Yet a much larger audience was convened at his funeral than had ever sat to listen to his preaching, as he himself would have testified could he have spoken; for he was a pious, unassuming man, who, in a manner above reproach, had pursued his vocation, jogging around in the same garments Heaven knows how many years. In short, he was considered an eccentric character, and many anecdotes were told of him; but the most singular feature of his life was first made known to the world after his death. Two months prior to this event the reverend gentleman called upon an aged shoemaker, at whose house during many years he had been a frequent and ever-welcome guest.

"Good-day, dear brother!" said the shoemaker, receiving him in his usual friendly way, and assisting him to the sofa.

"How do you do? You look weak to-day, but move, I see, as lightly as ever."

"The withering leaf, too, moves lightly, but this is due to the wind," replied the pastor. "But can I speak with you alone, and without interruption?"

"Certainly," replied the shoemaker; "my wife has gone marketing."

"I would ask of you a great favor," said the pastor. "Nothing needed for the apostles' horses," continued the minister, comprehending the import of his friend's looks. "My errand has nothing to do with soles, for not with these do men press the threshold of eternity."

So saying, he arose, stepped to the door, locked it, and returned to the shoemaker, who with manifest astonishment viewed the precautions and mystical countenance of his friend. Now the minister took from his pocket a number of sealed packages of different sizes, and arranged them upon a table which stood by the sofa.

"There, dear brother, look closely at these superscriptions," said the minister in an urgent manner.

The shoemaker did as requested, and found each package superscribed with a name and number in figures varying from two hundred to one thousand.

"Is there money in these packages?" asked the shoemaker with increasing astonishment.

"Yes, dear brother."

"And the persons to whom these packages are addressed?"

"Are to have them, of course."

"As gifts?"

"Given with a warm hand," replied I——n.

"Given by whom?"

The pastor hesitated.

"It isn't worth while to be so cautious of telling an old friend," he at length exclaimed. "These presents are from me."

The shoemaker gazed a long time at the minister in mute astonishment, then exclaimed:

"But it amounts to as much as ten thousand dollars."

"Well, is this too much after a work of forty years in the vineyard?"

"But, with your small salary, brother, it has been a mystery to me how you could manage to live."

"Pshaw! I have lived better than most men; but I have done without divers luxuries, and thus have saved it. For instance, I have no wine or beer in my house, which would cost at least fifteen cents a day, and amounts to fifty dollars in a year; consequently, two thousand dollars in forty years. A common tobacco-smoker spends about eighteen dollars a year; but I, who never smoke, have thus saved $720. Other ministers wear out at least three gowns in ten years, but I have hardly worn out one. The cost of each gown is at least $25, but by my economy I have saved the cost of at least eight of them, or $200. Of my shoes I hardly need speak to you, brother. I have, as you know, never used overshoes, which would cost at least $3.50 per year, or $140 in forty years. Thus I have saved, and, by putting all these

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department must always be addressed to Box 4,843, Washington.—If Wagner had the two cards in his hand, and never looked at their faces while they were lying on the table, he is entitled to two fresh ones. The case is one that could not well occur, as the discarding and the serving were both done properly. All this disputed cards, instead of being in the pack, should have been in a heap by themselves in order to settle the possible disputes, the time to gather them in being after the pot itself has been gathered in. The player who gathered in the cards, besides having no business to do so at that particular time (even if he was to be the next dealer), is amenable to the charge of being the confederate of E. [illegible] quite as much as if he amenable to the charge of neglect in not snatching the two cards as soon as dealt or and putting them with his other three. Then, again, B's three retained cards should have been lying face downward on the table, when upon it would have been the duty of the dealer to have required the two severed cards on the top of the original three of by the side of them. It will be seen that in no well-regulated poker family could this muddle have occurred. It is quite possible that all hands were to blame for it.

J. M. B., Baltimore.—"1. In playing draw-poker, is it now the cus om, when no one sees the blind, to make his jack-pot? 2. Five players, A, B, C, D and E, ante and open the pot for its full value. Who then makes the first bet after they are served? 3. Is it customary, when no one is able to open with jacks, to make the second, third, fourth and fifth kings, fourth aces, fifth two pair, sixth back to jacks? 4. Five dollars being the limit, and fifteen dollars the value of the pot, has the first who is able to open it the right to open it for the limit, or is he called the pot-keeper, in default of special agreement. Close players will object to it. 5. The player who opened the pot. 6. No. There are two kinds of jack-pot, and this is the one that is played, and is usually stops at fifty cents. The other, called the simple jack-pot, never passes beyond jacks. 4. Properly, jack-pots have no connection with blinds; and, properly again, the player who opens the pot fixes the amount at which it shall be opened.

DISPUTE.—"1. In a game of baseball a base-runner attempted to run from first to second. The catcher threw the ball to second-baseman, who was standing on the line between first and second, and from four to six feet from his base. The ball was held by baseman, but was knocked from his hands by the base-runner running into him. The baseman did not touch the runner, claiming that it was knocked from his hands before he had time or to do. The base-runner claims that he was not out, under Sec. 13, Rule VI, League rules. Baseman claims that, as he had the ball before the runner struck him, he was entitled to the decision, and that the runner was out under Sec. 16, same rule. 2. Under Rule 7, sec. VII, League rules, in what cases shall umpire render a decision without being appealed to by a player? 3. Is baseball now played in all three cases. The base-player evidently obstructed him. 2. In calling balls, strikes, fouls, and balks.

LONDON.—The question is generally covered not only a game for the championship," but also a game on a certain day. No game could be played on any other day for the decision of those bets, and the game played on that day was subsequently declared to be not been one for the championship. We could not declare bets won and lost on a game that, for the purpose of those bets, never had an existence. The parties had not betting on an exhibition game. Had it not been announced as being for the championship, very few of them would have bet at all, probably. But you are in error in supposing, as you state, that we decided all bets of.

OCTAVUS, Pottstown.—Among those receiving awards at the Centennial Exhibition were the following exhibitors of steam-engines:—L. Bullock, Cincinnati, Ohio; Wm. Wyer; Clapp & Jones Manufacturing Company, Hudson, N. Y.; Silsby Manufacturing Company, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; and J. L. Bonallack, Chatham, N. J. The system followed in making awards was that of giving bronze medals to exhibitors of similar articles, and in explaining the element of merit in each exhibit, but not pronouncing one to be superior to others; consequently there was no such thing as "first premium."

L. C., Boston.—"A and B are playing a game of six-card cribbage. A has ten holes to make to finish the game. In mistake he takes twelve holes. He has but nine in his hand, which S discovers. A then says: 'Peg me back.' B says: 'I claim the game!' We make a bet that he can not rail from the foregoing statement whether B had a right to claim the game or not. If he had but three to go, he could claim the game. If he had more to go, he could not. And, if so, then do we up to peg A back three, and himself forward three."

S. S. S., Mobile.—"After a pitcher has taken his position, is he bound to deliver his ball on his batsman, he having no answer hereinfore made, that, for the purpose of deciding bets, no faster time than 1:41½ has ever been made by a horse. Several horses are said to have done it in less, but there is no proof that they ever did. There is proof that 1:41½ has been run.

BOGUS, Waterloo.—"How many Irishmen by birth signed the Declaration of Independence? Also give the proper name of Sister Sullivan, and where he was born." Ans.:—1. James Smith of Pennsylvania and George Taylor of Connecticut. 2. It has been said that it was Frank Ambrose, born in Sweden, near Stockholm.

DANIEL KELLY.—1. If you can give us the date or thereabouts, we will look it up. 2. She is no relation to the late Lady Don. She made her first appearance many years ago, and after a few years' practice of her profession retired, and about two years ago reappeared. She is a native of this country, we believe.

OLD READER, St. Louis.—They are all technical terms, which indicate lines of business in the theatrical profession. To attempt to explain them in a lucid manner would require far more space than we can afford in this department. Make the acquaintance of some actor who will explain them to you.

Z. T. S., Dallas.—Unless B's "ante," as you term it, was a "blind," and in that case, when it came his turn to "fill" or make good, he could "raise" as much as he pleased, subject to any "limit" that may have been fixed before-hand.

OPERA-HOUSE, Newark.—"The Winning Hand" was written by J. M. Finduli, and was first acted in this city at the Continental performance Dec. 20, 1871, in Wood's Museum. J. J. Wallace played the leading character. J. M. Ward subsequently purchased the play.

C. H. S., Chicago.—1. There is a Winterblossome's treatise, and there is also "American Hoyle," in addition to the book you have. 2. We do not think that there is any published in England. 3. Books are of little service in playing short games.

CLUB, Harrisburg.—You will have to describe the game. Your "thousand-leg pitch" may be "California jack," "Spanish jack," or "any number of jacks," and under other known generally by almost any other name than "thousand-leg pitch."

ARTHUR, Newark.—Since answering your question in our past issue, we have been informed that a non-professional gentleman residing in Elizabeth, N. J., who has performed occasionally in public, does the feat of dancing a ring and stepping the same figure.

R. C., Buffalo.—The George Washington you probably mean was born in Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 11, 1732. With the change of style and computation of time, the anniversary of his birthday was carried forward to Feb. 22.

GEO E. JR.—Strictly speaking, "Monday of next week" would be Oct. 2, as Sunday, popularly spoken of as the seventh day of the week, is really the first. What our decision would be, after a bet has been made, is another matter.

TIPPERARY, Elizabethport.—That son might become President of the United States, whether his father were U. S. Minister in London or a night-cap at any temporary performing there. His father's citizenship confers citizenship upon the child, no matter where born.

NEWS, Jonah.—Not at all. The "good news" was as to peace. Read history for particulars. 2. *Gent* (g hard) and *ace*. 3. Timed from the beginning of the mile to the finish. 4. Time is a dead heat with another horse is a record, but it is not a record against several. Time itself is.

J. D. E., Philadelphia.—1. A can make a pile of sevens before taking in his pile of fives. 2. B is wrong. Ten it is specially agreed to turn down sweeps, they are turned down as fast as made. This process would care B with one sweep.

STOWE, Virginia City.—The cock could not weigh more than two ounces in excess of five pounds, and could only weigh that in case the match was made to give or take two ounces. It made five-pound-two, it could weigh anything under five-pound-three.

FOREMAN CLIFF.—1. Not always. In the game most generally played, he has. 2. Dix's majority over Kernan, for Governor of this State in 1872, was 55,251. 3. Tilden's majority over Jay, 30,317. 4. Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857.

H. H. C., Rockford.—It depends upon whether the race was of trotting or running; and also, if the latter, wasere it was run, and what were its conditions. A decision cannot be given on a general statement. No answers by mail.

POLE-STREET, Chicago.—1. Lexington was by Boston out of Alice Carneal. 2. Colonel Jack Harpsden, of Fellowcraft is by Australian out of Aerolite. 3. Ten Broeck is by Phaeton out of Fanny Holton.

SUBSCRIBER, Scranton.—Horses have no exact age. Goldsmith Maid is nineteen years old; and she would be nineteen to-day, even though she had been foaled on Dec. 31, 1859.

E. J. SCOTT, Toronto.—Ed. Hanlon's time, 2:20¾, is the best on record for smiling three miles with a turn. There have been but few turning races in Great Britain, and there is no record for the distance there.

NEWARK.—It was reported at the time that, after defeating N. P. Bortle in a match at Pittsburg, Pa., June 11, 1857, Bob Way cleared 185ft. in ten consecutive jumps; but this does not appear on record.

J. G. D., Chicago.—The last we heard of George Pauncefort was some three or four years ago, and then he was in the Sandwich Islands. We know nothing of the other person named.

M. F. W.—1. There is a line drawn, without reference to any given number of feet, and the bowler is not to go beyond that line. 2. The official majorities have not as yet been announced.

J. C. F., Baltimore.—1. We have a written denial from Mrs. D. F. Bowers. 2. We take no account of their meetings, and don't believe they ever engaged in a bona-fide match.

DUBLIST, St. Joseph.—As we have no biography of him, we cannot answer your question further than to say that he has performed in this country altogether (during two visits) about three seasons.

EMMA MINE.—The recitation is called "Schneider's Ride." Call at any store who advertises in our sporting department, can furnish you with a copy of that and other recitations. The song name is not known.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—"I speak for them at the bar, and A. for them seated in putting players out. 2. Jim Mace never fought Heenan; but he fought Tom King twice, winning the first battle.

WOOD, Havre.—"I must show his hand if called upon, whether he is willing to relinquish his claim to the pot or not. Every player who calls, as well as the player who is called, must show his hand if requested to do so."—Sec. 3, Rule 3, Rulebook.

F. W. WILLIAMS, Pawtucket.—1. Ted Kinsony fought Jack Connor for $400, Feb. 1, 1871, and Tommy Kelly for $1,000, Aug. 31, 1872. 2. Not that we are aware of.

W. J. R., Brooklyn, E. D.—"Is the Showmen's Guide," which can be had of Col. T. Allston Brown, No. 9 West Fourth street, contains the information you desire.

M. M. C., Pawtucket.—Yes; Trustee trotted twenty miles within an hour, and several other horses have done the same.

G. S. C., Boston.—1. The late Sher. Campbell was a baritone singer. 2. Some opera troupes have more than one bass singer.

A SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—We have no record of the distance swum by a man under water. J. B. Johnson has remained under water, in a tank, 3min. 35sec.

O., Syracuse.—A loses the second bet, and wins the first. Unless more are stipulated for by bettors, five innings will constitute a game of baseball.

A. M.—In many States, only a city or town license is required for minstrel shows. In others, State, county and town licenses must be procured.

H. H., New York.—Walter Bray is still living and before the public. Letters addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Dartmouth.—A wins. The Thames professionals won the race, and of course the money, on a foul.

LIGHTWEIGHT.—No, nor any others that we are aware of. Each man must stand or fall by the conditions of the articles governing the game.

DECLINED.—"The Pets of the Plantation," "Walking Down the Street," "The Style in Lancashire," "The Monte-peel and Sherry."

A. S.—Ez's American Theatre is located on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and his company never performed in the Chestnut-street Theatre simultaneously therewith. The late Mr. George M. Patchen died at the Union Course, L. I., May 1, 1864, leaving behind the stallion George M. Patchen Jr.

M., Carroll.—Certainly not play it alone against M, if the game was regular euchre, and it would do him no more good to take five tricks than three.

TRO, Richmond.—Your esteemed correspondence from the gentlemanly head-waiter, and have not heard of any accident befalling him since.

W. EVERSON, Bloomington.—In a space of twenty lines, the card would contain about 200 words.

J. W., Boston.—Ella Ietz is in Europe, Kate Firmin in California, and Ida Yerance in this city, in retirement.

ALBERT WARD, Brooklyn.—It is not usual to put up a deposit, without which the challenge cannot be inserted.

H. W. M., Wintessot.—Probably you mean Lexington's four-mile time, 7:19¾.

J. H. S., Salt Lake City.—Write to Ed. James, as per address in advertisement.

R. L. H., Rockland.—Send to Ed. James, as per advertisement, for Ed. Noble's correct address.

CONSTANT READER, Erie.—The bet is lost, unless a game of nine innings was expressly mentioned.

J. J., Streator.—At euchre, you cannot play alone on a trump, unless by mutual consent.

G. J.—The Great Eastern first arrived here June 28, 1860.

S. F. W., Emmett.—We cannot say whether that firm is in existence yet or not.

E. C. D., St. Louis.—Yes; unless your antagonist has one knee and one hand, or both knees, on the ground.

C. D., Brooklyn.—He fiddled away the bridge of his violin, more likely.

A SUBSCRIBER, Guelph.—The game having been voided, bets are to be decided upon subsequent play.

J. C.—Morrissey and Heenan fought eleven rounds in 21 minutes.

CHAS. H., JAYNES, Sing Sing.—A deposit is requisite to insure the insertion of a challenge.

A. D., Buffalo.—At muggins, a player cannot draw while he has a piece in his hand that will play.

C. D., Brooklyn.—He is not entitled to it unless it was the cue-ball, is to be spotted, and B counts the three pocketed balls.

AMATEUR.—There are various definitions. Amateur in what?

HORACE.—J. B. Johnson remained under water 3m. 35sec. at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng.

R. B. H. C., Chicago.—It will have nothing to do with the bet.

READER, Galveston.—We have none. Address Frank Leslie, publisher, this city.

NAST.—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is at least thrice the size of Central Park, this city.

M. S. E., Boston.—We have more than we can find room for.

T. E. P., Shreveport, La.—Address American News Company, 122 Nassau street, New York.

TIM F., Hempstead.—It requires more "fixing" than we have time to give it.

JOHN ARDIZ.—Get Ed. James' book, and it will post you. We cannot spare so much space in this department.

CONSTANT READER, Toronto.—If you will state the distance, perhaps we can inform you.

H. C., St. Louis.—The cards falling 3, jack, 2, 2, 3, 5, 4, the player of the 4 scores a sequence of four.

J. K.—Thanksgiving Day has not yet been appointed for this State.

H., Cheyenne.—We have not the data wherewith to decide. We gave our best figures two weeks ago.

XXX S., Troy.—The match is a draw, as is also a game based upon there being a winning club, and there was none.

SQUEALER.—No; the bet is not off, if the Mutuals have played a game since it was made.

CONSTANT READER.—The Bostons and White have both been engaged by the Bostons for 1877.

M. S., Burlington.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

E. C. W., Pittsburg.—Address agents of line, J. S. Tucker & Co., 54 Pine street, this city.

G. W. A., Savannah.—His address is 13 Broad street, New York.

BOB.—Your side were out. There was no occasion to play another trick.

S. M. B., Binghamton.—See answer to "J. J., Jefferson City."

T. F. A., Rockford.—"Beadle's Dime Book of Baseball."

J. B. P., Newton.—The withdrawal of C voids the bet.

JOE J., Pittsfield.—You were right in all three cases.

J. E. P., Hot Springs.—I. Game counts before either sandcrop or pedro is made. 2. Address Ed. James, who advertises. 3. We have not the pedigree.

NAYLOR & MASON, Niles.—He appeared to have been knocked out, but it was believed that he feigned insensibility to escape punishment.

LINCOLN, New Orleans.—1. McVey went from the Western of Indianapolis to the Cincinnatis, and in 1869 was third baseman of the latter. Cannot say.

DECLINED.—"The Pets of the Plantation," "Walking Down the Street," "The Style in Lancashire."

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUBS.

Oct. 3, Boston vs. Louisville, Indianapolis, Ind. (exhibition).
Oct. 3, 4, St. Louis vs Boston, at St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 4, 5, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Louisville, Ky.
Oct. 2, Knickerbocker vs. Harlem, at Harlem, N. Y.
Oct. 3, Crystal vs. Our Boys, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 3, Harlem vs. Flyaway, at Melrose, N. Y.
Oct. 3, Manchester vs. Star of Mass., at Manchester, N. H.
Oct. 3, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.
Oct. 3, Chelsea vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 4, Cooper of Nashua vs Star, at Manchester, N. H.
Oct. 4, Contest vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Oct. 4, Our Boys vs. Enterprise, at Jersey City, N. J.
Oct. 5, Our Boys vs Witoks, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 5, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.
Oct. 5, Monticello of Jersey City vs. Alpha, at Staten Isl'nd.
Oct. 5, Manchester vs. Cooper, at Manchester, N. H.
Oct. 6, Olympic vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 6, Jefferson vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Oct. 6, Harlem vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y
Oct. 6, Quickstep vs. Flyaway, at Melrose, N. Y.
Oct. 7, Olympic vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oct. 7, Elizabeth vs. Alpha, at Elizabeth, N. J.
Oct. 7, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Chicago Club to Fly the Pennant.

Ever since the ball-playing fraternity of Chicago became ambitious of championship honors, and sought to secure a team to represent them in the professional arena, has THE CLIPPER pointed out to their club-managers that, not until they placed a thoroughly reliable, well-trained and disciplined nine in the field, could they possibly attain the success aimed at. This advice was practically poohpoohed until this season, and the result was discreditable defeat season after season, even though high-priced teams were engaged, and what were considered the strongest players. The services of noted pitchers and catchers, fast base-players and fielders, and strong, hard hitters proved to be useless in achieving success, simply because unreliable men were mixed in, no discipline was observed, training was neglected, and there was neither field nor club-management to run the team properly. After four campaigns, marked by continuous defeat, the management of the new Chicago Club thought that it would be as well, perhaps, to take THE CLIPPER's advice, and to try the Boston plan of running a baseball club; and so they went to work, and "without regard to cost" secured the services of the present Chicago White Stockings, and placed Al Spalding at the head of it, with an undisturbed control of the team, and they found their reward in winning not only the championship pennant, but the palm of supremacy as the best trained nine in the year of 1876.

So much for paying due attention to training, discipline and the *morals* of a nine, and especially for throwing out the services of every justly suspected or marked man. Had all the League Clubs taken this last-named important action, such disastrous results as the failure of the Athletic and Mutual teams, and loss of so many important games by the St. Louis Club, would not have marked this campaign. Unquestionably the experience of the past season must have taught the League Association managers the poor policy of their course in admitting suspected men in their nines, under the mistaken idea that the stringent rules of the League would prevent their indulging in their old practices of crooked play. The result has been that more plays have been arrested in games than before since than was ever before known in the history of the game. But we will leave this subject for further comment at the close of the season, and proceed at once to give the statistical tables, showing the present position of the contesting League nines:

The League pennant race record appended shows what games will count in November next:

Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games to Play.	Games Drawn.	Games Played.	Games Played.	Games Drawn.	Games to Play.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Clubs.
Boston	1	10	2	5	4	28	0	66	4	1	1
Chicago	0	10	2	4	4	30	0	66	4	1	0
Cincinnati	0	0	1	2	5	27	0	65	3	0	0
Hartford	6	4	6	1	7	4	27	7	44	5	3	0
Louisville	1	8	1	1	4	19	4	19	49	3	1	1
St. Louis	4	6	7	1	6	6	29	0	47	3	4	0
Games lost	24	12	41	16	29	18	140	2	282	18		

The full record up to Sept. 30, inclusive, is as follows:

Clubs.	Tecumseh	Maple Leaf	Crystal	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	Athletic	St. Louis	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Athletic	7	1	1	1	5	1	2	4	0		14	1	65
Boston	7	9	1	10	6	1	2	4	3		43	9	66
Chicago	3	0	0		1	0	1	2	1		9	0	62
Cincinnati	3	0	0			0	1	2	2		9	0	62
Hartford	9	6	4	6		1	2	2	2		32	6	66
Louisville	2	3	1	4	5	1		2	1		19	5	67
Mutual	8	2	1	7	7	4	3		1		26	1	61
St. Louis	8	4	6	7	4	6	6	1			43	6	62
Games lost	50	27	14	58	21	34	34	19	252	6	610		

There is yet a chance, on the actual count, for the Hartfords to win second place, but Boston will stand fourth if they do not win another game.

THE SEPTEMBER RECORD.

The following is the record of League championship games played during September:

Sept. 2,	Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford	6 to 1
Sept. 8,	St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 0
Sept. 5,	Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	11 6
Sept. 5,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	17 4
Sept. 6,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	7 3
Sept. 6,	St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10 inn.)	4 3
Sept. 6,	Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford	3 0
Sept. 7,	Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	15 3
Sept. 8,	Boston vs. Louisville, at Boston (5 inn.)..	6 3
Sept. 8,	Chicago vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	16 0
Sept. 8,	St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	20 1
Sept. 9,	Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Hartford (morning)	14 6
Sept. 9,	Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Hartford (afternoon)	8 4
Sept. 9,	St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	15 2
Sept. 9,	Chicago vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	13 0
Sept. 11,	Boston vs. Louisville, at Boston	8 0
Sept. 12,	St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston	7 2
Sept. 12,	Louisville vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7 1
Sept. 13,	Hartford vs. Chicago, at Hartford	8 7
Sept. 12,	Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Philadelphia	12 3
Sept. 13,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford	2 1
Sept. 13,	Louisville vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 4
Sept. 13,	Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston	9 5
Sept. 13,	Cincinnati vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	15 12
Sept. 15,	Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn	2 1
Sept. 15,	St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Hartford	6 2
Sept. 15,	Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3 0
Sept. 15,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	9 3
Sept. 16,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston	2 1
Sept. 16,	St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Hartford	6 4
Sept. 16,	Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3 2
Sept. 16,	Cincinnati vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 6
Sept. 27,	Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	10 0
Sept. 28,	Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	10 9
Sept. 28,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	7 6
Sept. 27,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	10 4
Sept. 27,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5 3
Sept. 28,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	10 7
Sept. 29,	St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis	5 0
Sept. 29,	Louisville vs. Boston, at Louisville	4 3
Sept. 30,	Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville	6 5
Sept. 30,	Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	4 3
	Total of 42 games	373 161

Average of winning nine, 8.87.
Average of losing nine, 3.35.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Canadian championship season closed on the 30th of September. From the start the contest for the Canadian pennant lay between the Tecumsehs of London and Maple Leafs of Guelph, the remaining clubs being practically out of the race for first place, neither of them winning by any time strong enough to win a game from either of the two leading clubs. The Tecumsehs were completely successful in establishing their superiority, they winning every game, while the Maple Leafs, though too much for any of the other competitors, lost the entire series of four games to their London rivals—one of which, however, was cancelled for breach of the playing rules. The full record of games played stood as follows:

Clubs.	Tecumseh	Maple Leaf	Toronto	Hamilton	Kingston	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.
Tecumseh		3	3	3	2	11	0	11
Maple Leaf	0		3	3	4	10	1	11
Toronto	0	0		3	3	6	5	11
Hamilton	0	0	0		1	1	10	11
Kingston	0	0	0	0		0	4	4
Games Lost	0	3	7	9	6	25	50	

The failures of the Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton Clubs to comply with the rule requiring each club to play at least two games with every club in the championship series during the season, and the consequent forfeiture of championship is, therefore, left between the Tecumsehs of London and Maple Leafs of Guelph, and is to be determined by the result of the games played between these two clubs. The result, therefore, stands:

	Won.	Lost.
Tecumseh	3	0
Maple Leaf	0	3

The games between these two clubs this season stood as follows:

May 24,	Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	8 to 7
July 20,	Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	10 7
Aug. 7,	Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	6* 5
Aug. 29,	Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	8 5
Totals		31 19

* This game was declared void as affecting the championship.

ITHACA CLUB VICTORIES.

We append scores of games in which the Ithaca, N. Y., Club were victorious, Sept. 27 and 28, respectively:

ITHACA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TRICKEY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McCaffrey, l.f.	2	1	4	2	0	Dalton, c.	0	0	6	1	1
Richmond, c.	2	1	4	3	0	McGuiness, 2 b.	0	1	3	2	2
Carpenter, 2d b	1	1	1	5	7	Eagan, r. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Day, s. s.	1	1	2	3	1	Whitney, 1st b.	0	0	18	0	2
Pigott, 1st b.	0	1	15	0	0	Kelley, c.	0	0	7	2	5
Alcott, p.	0	0	0	3	2	Kennedy, l. f.	0	0	1	2	0
Harris, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	3	Mullen, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Ireland, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Smith, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Clapp, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	White, p.	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	6	5	27	17	4	Totals	0	4	8	27	16

Ithaca ..... 1 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 0—6
Cricket ..... 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Strikes—off Alcott, 23; off White, 28. Called balls—off Alcott, 7; off White, 9. Umpire, Mr. Hotchkiss of Binghamton. Time, 1h. 50m.

CANDEE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ITHACA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, s. s.	0	1	2	2	0	McCaffrey, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0
McGuiness, 2d b	0	1	5	4	0	Richmond, c.	0	2	6	0	1
Eagan, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0	W. Carpenter, 2 b	1	0	2	3	1
Latham, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0	Day, s. s.	1	0	2	5	1
Kelley, c.	0	1	2	1	1	Pigott, 1st b.	3	2	11	0	2
Kennedy, l. f.	2	2	1	0	1	Alcott, p.	2	2	1	2	0
Richardson, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0	Ireland, c. f.	0	0	1	3	0
Smith, 3d b.	1	2	3	4	2	Clapp, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
White, p.	1	1	0	1	2						
Totals	5	13	27	12	7	Totals	7	11	27	13	7

Or nickel ..... 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4
Ithaca ..... 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 3 0—7

Strikes—off Alcott, 36; off White, 29. Called balls—off Alcott, 7; off White, 11. Umpire, Mr. Nichols of Owego. Time, 1h. 46m.

WILLIAMSPORT vs. LOCK HAVEN.

The score of a game played by the Williamsport and Lock Haven, Pa., Clubs, on the grounds of the former, last week, is given below. The game was the most closely contested one that has yet been played in Williamsport, the pitching and catching of Lafferty and Crawley being very effective. Siddam and McMahon, at shortstop and second-baseman, respectively, played their positions in fine style. The Lock Haven Club batted finely, as the score indicates, they making ten base hits to Williamsport's eight, but the fine fielding of Williamsport won the game by the appended score:

LOCK HAVEN.	1B.	R.
Jackson, 2 d b	1	0
Woodworth, 1st b	2	1
Kelly, s. f.	1	0
M. Ward, p.	0	0
Quinten, c.	1	1
Kennedy, r. f.	0	0
Foorman, 3d b	1	0
Mack, l. f.	2	1
C. Ward, s. s.	1	0
Totals	10	4

WILLIAMSPORT.	1B.	R.
Tinsman, r. f.	1	0
Crowley, c.	2	2
Ferguson, c. f.	1	1
Redmond, l. f.	1	1
McClure, 2d b	1	2
Lafferty, p.	1	1
Lyon, 1st b	1	0
Siddam, s. s.	0	0
Farois, 3d b	0	0
Totals	8	7

Lock Haven ..... 2 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—4
Williamsport ..... 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 5—7

Umpire, S. L. Hain of Renova. Time, 2h. 30m.

ST. LOUIS vs. HARTFORD.

These League Clubs met at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 29, when the visitors failed to keep their end up well enough to avert defeat. The features of the contest were a double-play by Burdock and Mills, in the third inning, and another by Ramsen in the fourth.

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Pike, c.	0	0	1	5	0	Mc Carthy, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Clapp, c.	0	1	5	0	3	Burdock, 2d b	0	0	4	5	3
McGeary, 2d b	0	0	2	1	2	Higham, c.	0	1	7	1	0
Battin, 3d b	0	0	1	1	1	Ferguson, 3d b	0	0	1	3	1
Cuthbert, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Carey, s. s.	0	0	2	4	4
Bloug, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Cummings, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Bradley, p.	0	0	1	2	0	York, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mack, s. s.	0	2	1	5	0	Mills, 1st b.	0	1	11	0	1
Dehlman, 1st b	2	2	13	0	1	Cassidy, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	3	9	27	15	8	Totals	0	3	27	14	9

St. Louis ..... 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—3
Hartford ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—St. Louis, 2. Two-base hits—Dehlman, 1; Bradley, 1; Ferguson, 1; Higham, 1. Run earned—Hartford, 1. Umpire, J. O. Chapman of Louisville. Time, 2h. 10m.

HARTFORD vs. ST. LOUIS.

But very few persons were witnesses of the victory achieved by the St. Louis Browns in a good game played with the Hartfords at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 29, the score of which follows:

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Pike, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Kennen, c. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Clapp, c.	0	1	5	0	2	Burdock, 2d b	0	0	4	5	2
McGeary, 2d b	0	1	2	3	1	Higham, c.	0	1	3	1	0
Battin, 3d b	0	0	1	2	3	Ferguson, 3d b	0	0	1	2	1
Cuthbert, l. f.	0	1	3	2	0	Carey, s. s.	0	0	2	3	1
Bloug, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Cummings, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	0	2	0	York, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mack, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1	Mills, 1st b.	0	1	11	0	1
Dehlman, 1st b	0	2	12	0	0	Cassidy, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	7	27	11	7	Totals	0	4	27	13	5

St. Louis ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Hartford ..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Runs earned—Hartford, 1. Two-base hits—Higham and Bradley, 1. Double-play—Ramsen to 1.

On the following day there was a large crowd in attendance, to see the Connecticuters again wiped out; but the Nutmegs wouldn't have it, and instead wiped out the defeat of the previous day, as follows:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f.	1	1	4	0	0	Pike, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Burdock, 2d b	0	0	2	4	0	Clapp, c.	0	1	3	2	0
Cassidy, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	McGeary, 2d b.	1	1	1	4	2
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	4	1	2	0	Battin, 3d b.	0	0	2	5	0
Cary, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0	Cuthbert, l. f.	0	0	2	5	0
Cummings, p.	0	0	0	1	0	Bloug, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Booth, 2d b.	1	2	2	0	0	Bradley, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Braden, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Mack, s. s.	0	0	1	5	0
Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	4	Dehlman, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0
Totals	6	10	30	15	9	Totals	1	7	27	11	6

Hartford ..... 0 1 0 0 0 1 2 0 1—5
St. Louis ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—Hartford, 2; St. Louis, 1. Two-base hits—Ferguson and Cuthbert, 1 each. Umpire, J. C. Chapman. Time, 1h. 45m.

CHELSEA vs. ALASKA.

The home-and-home game between the Chelseas and Alaskas came off at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, Sept. 29, and resulted in a whitewash for the Alaskas. The playing of both nines was fine, not a run being scored up to the sixth inning. At this point of the game the Chelseas scored two earned runs off four base-hits, and a single in the eighth and ninth innings. Treacy and Hankinson did well for the Chelseas, Shea and Dunne did best for Alaskas. Rule's pitching was very effective.

CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Clare, c.	0	0	3	0	0	Larkin, p.	0	0	0	0	2
Farrell, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	2	Jolly, 1.	0	0	1	2	0
Nichols, 3d b.	1	2	1	2	0	Dover, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	2
Hourigan, l. f.	1	1	2	1	0	Quilty, c.	0	0	6	2	4
Rule, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Hankinson, 3 b.	0	1	2	3	1
Dunne, 1st b.	0	2	16	0	1	Hovey, c. f.	0	1	4	0	0
Cassidy, c. f.	0	1	2	1	0	Treacy, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0
Shea, s. s.	0	1	1	2	1	Rice, 1st b.	0	0	15	0	2
Brennen, r. f.	0	1	0	2	0	Dunnigan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	27	13	4	Totals	0	2	30	11	11

Chelsea ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2
Alaska ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—Chelsea, 2. Umpire, Mr. Treacy, Mutuals. Time, 1h. 50m.

BOSTON vs. LOUISVILLE.

A hard struggle was had by the above clubs on Sept. 30 at Louisville, Ky., the Reds finally winning by the score which follows:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s.	0	1	2	4	0	Gerhardt, 1st b.	1	2	12	0	0
Leonard, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	0	1	1	2	0
O'Rourke, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Egan, l. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Murnan, 1st b.	1	1	6	0	0	Devlin, p.	0	0	2	0	3
Morrill, 2d b.	0	1	0	7	0	Pearsall, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Manning, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Fulmer, s. s.	0	2	2	4	2
Brown, c.	0	0	6	1	0	Hastings, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Schafer, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	2	Sulmerville, 3 b	0	1	1	2	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	1	2	0	Holbert, c.	0	0	4	0	0
Totals	1	3	27	14	2	Totals	1	8	27	11	7

Boston ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Louisville ..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

First base by *errors*—Boston, 9. Runs earned—Louisville, 4. Balls called—Devlin, 13; Bradley, 14; Manning, 4. Strikes called—Devlin, 30; Bradley, 19; Manning, 7. Bases on called balls—Clinton, Hague, Murnan. Struck out—Devlin, Wright, O'Rourke, Brown. Two-base hits—Devlin, Hastings. Total bases on hits—Boston, 4; Louisville, 16. Double-plays—Wright, Morrill and Murnan; Morrill and Wright. Umpire, Dan Devinney of the Riverside club. Time, 1h. 45m.

ALASKA vs. MUTUAL.

On Sept. 25, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, L. I., the professional Mutuals and the Alaskas encountered each other with the result below in favor of the former:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelps, p.	1	1	0	1	1	Larkin, p.	2	3	0	1	3
Start, 1st b.	0	1	14	0	0	Jolly, 1.	0	1	1	0	0
Hallinan, s. s.	1	1	0	4	0	Dover, 2d b.	0	2	2	5	1
Craver, c.	1	1	5	2	1	Quilty, c.	0	2	8	0	3
Gedney, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0	Hankinson, 3 b.	0	2	3	2	1
Booth, 2d b.	1	2	2	0	0	Hovey, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Braden, r. f.	1	1	0	0	1	Treacy, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0
Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	2	4	1	Rice, 1st b.	0	0	15	0	2
Totals	6	10	30	15	9	Dunnigan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
						Totals	2	11	33	11	10

Alaska ..... 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 1—4
Mutual ..... 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—5

Runs earned.—Mutual, 2; Alaska, 4.

QUICKSTEP vs. FLYAWAY.

The second game between these clubs was played at Melrose, N. Y., Sept. 29, the Quicksteps winning by the score below:

QUICKSTEP.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Friedla'der, c. f.	2	1	0	0	0	Butterly, 1st b.	0	1	0	0	0
Kenly, r. f.	1	1	2	0	0	Carmichel, 3d b	1	2	1	1	1
Ohr, p.	1	2	0	1	0	Sheehan, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Blinn, l. f.	0	3	9	1	0	Malone, 2d b.	0	0	1	7	4
Daly, 2d b.	1	1	1	1	0	Wilson, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Callahan, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0	Lynch, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Jacoby, 1st b.	0	1	2	0	2	Williams, c.	1	2	5	0	1
Smiley, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	0	McFarland, 2b.	0	1	2	2	0
Dickerson, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Strong, c.	0	2	8	0	1
Pfeffer, 1st b.	2	1	0	10	0						
Kenny, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0						
Totals	8	11	15	17	2	Totals	2	9	21	10	7

Quickstep ..... 2 0 0 5 0 0 0 1 0—8
Flyaway ..... 0 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Runs earned—Quickstep, 5; Flyaway, 2.

CASS vs. ÆTNA.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, Detroit's two home clubs, the Ætna and Cass, met for the first time in their own city this season. A large crowd was present, and much excitement prevailed, the partisans of both clubs giving vent to their enthusiasm at intervals. The game proved a victory for the Cass Club. Twice before have they defeated their rivals in games played at the Ionia tournament.

Ætna.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Cass.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Williamson, p.	1	1	1	1	1	Brenock, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Bennett, c.	2	2	7	1	0	Tuelle, 2d b.	1	2	2	3	0
Crosby, 1st b.	0	1	9	0	0	O'Leary, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Firth, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Howard, 1st b.	1	1	2	1	0
Bohn, 3d b.	1	2	3	0	0	Johnson, s. s.	0	2	13	0	1
Bloug, 1st b.	0	1	2	0	0	Gillespie, 3d b.	0	1	1	2	0
Ross, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Naylor, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Farrell, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Taylor, p.	0	1	1	2	0
Morris, 2d b.	1	1	1	1	0	Hoffman, c.	0	1	1	1	1
Totals	6	5	7	3	1	Totals	3	12	27	9	2

Ætna ..... 0 0 3 0 1 2 0 0 0—6
Cass ..... 0 0 4 0 0 3 0 0 0—7

CAMBRIDGE vs. GENERAL WORTH.

A first-rate game was played at Melrose, Mass., Sept. 30, between the Cambridge Club and the General Worths of Stoneham, the former winning by the score below:

CAMBRIDGE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	GEN. WORTH.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Tyng, 3d b.	0	2	2	0	1	Annis, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Sawyer, 2d b.	2	0	4	1	0	Cochran, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	2
Eliot, 1st b.	2	2	9	0	0	Eliot, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0
Dwyer, s. s.	0	2	2	1	1	Murphy, c.	0	0	6	1	6
Sanger, c. f.	0	2	0	0	0	Maxwell, 1st b.	1	1	15	0	1
Dow, p.	0	0	0	6	0	Latham, s. s.	0	0	0	2	0
Holden, c.	0	0	6	7	3	Wilkins, c. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Alger, l. f.	1	1	0	1	0	McCall, p.	0	0	1	3	2
Beals, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Martin, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	6	7	25	15	5	Totals	2	3	27	7	11

Cambridge ..... 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 3 0—6
General Worth. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2

* One man struck out of turn, and the two men before him, who should have struck, were declared out.

WILLOW vs. HAYMAKER.

On Sunday—the great holiday of the St. Louisians—Sept. 24, these Mound City clubs played a game, the result of which was the success of the Willows:

WILLOW.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HAYMAKER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.

IMAGINATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MATT O'B., AUGUSTA, GA.

I dreamed last night that I a sculptor was,
And from a block of marble pure and white
Had carved a statue called "Imagination,"
Which to me seemed most divinely bright.
A fine-formed head, from which the flowing curls
Stole down, as if to shade large laughing eyes,
Or steal a kiss from luscious-looking lips
That parted as in glad surprise;
The proudly swelling bosom seemed to throb
As if "twould burst the clasp that did confine
The drapery around her throws,
And show the female form divine.

Perfection 'twas! and yet, methought, I'll still improve—
The shoulders are too large to suit my taste;
I will the clasp remove, and, chiseling off,
Will make it more accord with "wasp-like waist."

The chisel scarcely touched the marble clasp
When, as if by magic, the drapery fell level,
And from it the statue stepped and said:
"You've played the very d——l!"

Horror upon horror! was this unshapen thing
The "form divine" I had so much admired!
Was this scraggy, scrawny skeleton
The "perfection" I so oft desired!

"Why could not you be satisfied?" it said
"Know, some women look better draped,
Else clothes had not been made,
Or I misshaped."
She touched me with her icy hand,
My blood came chilled, my very brain disorder'd,
And I had died, had not a voice cried out:
"Hi, Johnny! 'Ere's the cocktail doctor ordered."

WRONGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

CHAPTER III.

Edith waited anxiously for the chestnut shadow to fall over the rustic seat, planned and made by Mabel and placed between beds of June pinks and gay petunias on a soft, bright patch of green that was a subject of daily care.

Arm in arm they went out, Mabel carrying her pretty camp chair. Bidding Edith sit facing her, she opened her story:

"My mother, whom you have seen under sad circumstances, was the daughter of one of the most influential, aristocratic and wealthy men of South Carolina. Adjoining his grand home was one of later construction and more princely style, built in the centre of a large and well-cultivated plantation. The owner, Mayne Livingstone, was a haughty, tyrannical old man of puritanical habits, whose soul was centred in an only son, although he rarely gave other demonstration than to thoroughly educate him and keep him supplied with abundant means. When in her seventeenth year, my mother, a beautiful blonde, received formal declaration of the love that had been hers from childhood, and, with the hearty approbation of the relatives of both bride and bridegroom, became the wife of Mayne Fairchild Livingstone. To a magnificent physique was added a handsome face—dark, with black hair and brown eyes. He was ten years my mother's senior—an accomplished gentleman, with scholarly tastes. Each being an only child, and consequently idolized as such by their respective parents, they remained at the home of my mother after their marriage. The long-continued festivities were never forgotten by the devoted old slaves of the two families. Nearly all that I knew of my father learned from our faithful old nurse "Aunt Susey," who followed my mother through good and ill, until death claimed her. My memory of him is scarcely more than a childish idea. I know he was kind and indulgent, and that an unchangeable and idolatrous affection existed between my parents. I inherited my father's physique, and my mother's features and complexion. Fond of travel, every Summer found the happy family guests at some new resort, but generally the Winter was spent at the old home. It would have been difficult for a stranger to determine whether *home* was at Livingstone Park or at Morrell Hall. A social, generous, companionable man, the central attraction of every party that he attended, he developed a predisposition to consumption by his dissipation, and he was advised to spend a Winter in Cuba. The sad circumstances of which I knew nothing, my mother's people removed to Northern Ohio, and we removed with them. I do not now doubt that the separation from his idolized mother and his life-long home aided materially to hasten his death. I know that my sister Letitia, who was a few years younger than I, my mother and Aunt Susey mourned for the old home, but were forbidden to refer to it in the presence of my grandparents. For myself, the change brought new pleasures. Being passionately fond of water, I had ample fields for enjoyment. Through a large meadow near our home ran a beautiful brook, in which I could wade and bathe in Summer and skate at will in Winter—a sport that I soon became an adept in. Within sight was a beautiful river, where I spent happy days rowing along the shady banks or drifting with the current out upon the bosom of Lake Erie. We remained with grandpa during my father's absence, and another little sister completed the blue eyes that filled my heart with delight just as Winter merged into Spring. I have vivid memories of long hours of weeping, in which my mother indulged, and it was in vain that Letitia and I endeavored to cheer her. The cause of her sorrow we could not understand. With childish efforts to console, we would enumerate our blessings. Our grandparents were kind, and we had abundance of everything. Aunt Susey and Kate were good, and Uncle Eben was able to take care of us until papa came, which would be soon. Baby Carrie was so lovely, what more was there to desire? In May the sad intelligence was brought to us by the faithful servant who had attended my father that he was dead. His grave had been made in a foreign land. Economies were practiced after my father's death that were new to us. My mother had ceased to weep, and a still, calm look came over her face. Her lips were habitually compressed, and she was less indulgent and less demonstrative in her affections. My grandparents both died within a few months of each other, and soon after my father's death. Then my mother began to work, and soon became a proficient in housekeeping; and it was well that she did, for old Aunt Susey yielded to the severe climate, to which she was not accustomed, and died of rapid consumption, leaving Kate, who was young and easily influenced, our only maidservant, and she soon left us. Uncle Eben was very old and unfit to be trusted with the management of affairs, and in another year was laid by the side of Aunt Susey. When I was ten years old, my mother, weary of the struggle with adverse circumstances, and finding that with her best endeavor her income steadily diminished, married again. When she called Letitia, Carrie, and me to her, and informed us that she should that day marry Squire Wilson, we were terribly indignant, and I began to conn over the indignities I had offered him in the way of an occasional splash of my spoon, if he passed near enough, or a grimace that I fear was not calculated to win a fatherly affection—impertinent answers to questions he asked if my mother was not present. Now he was coming there to be—as my childish intuition justly foreboded—a tyrant. I sat down on the woodpile, and, twisting the corner of my apron—which, as usual, hung awry—thought. Homely, uncouth, ignorant, to come there in the place of my handsome, elegant papa, was something I could never be reconciled to. But I had so often read in his wicked little eyes "I'd lick you if I dared," that I came to the conclusion that he would be hard to propitiate him. As I had never been punished with greater severity than to be sent to my room on a bread-and-milk diet, as atonement for some misdemeanor, or sit with my face to the wall for ten minutes, the prospect of having that ogre—who I knew beat his own children unmercifully—square accounts with me was appalling, and maidenly was speculating how my cogitations had reached the ultimatum of prospective obedience, my apron was entirely unbuttoned and slipping off one shoulder, and was sadly twisted at the corners from which I had compelled my conclusions. I was called into the house, put through a general course of refreshments, and cautioned not to be slipping out from the other side of the new apron, which was snow-white and very becoming, when the minister, whom I liked, and the squire, whom I disliked, should come with a farmer's load of homely little wretches, who must henceforth be my perpetual annoyance, while I could not even play in my wonted ways. Hoyden though I was, myself, to gain my friendship the most correct behavior, after the pattern of Letitia, was necessary. I did not pronounce any hypocritical welcome that day, but went down to the brook and mailed imaginary shiploads of ugly wishes on chips, with queerly-rigged sails, for Squire Wilson's use, and found gratification to me that mother never caressed the great lout or his noisy urchins, and I relieved my feelings by making faces at his back. The house, so long comparatively quiet, seemed a very bedlam, and the worst of it was that every year added one more to the troupe. The dividing line was very marked, and occasioned frequent altercations. There could never be any harmony between us and the coarse little creatures who could not be improved; consequently we three sisters lived in a little world of our own. His Yankee shrewdness and business capacity increased our property rapidly, and we were soon in quite as comfortable circumstances as we had ever been. He was a lover of good things, and we were consequently never restricted in the use of our means. Being proud of us, we were dressed handsomely, and every Sabbath marched to church, with the pompous old squire in the van. He seated mother, Carrie and I in the first of the two pews our family required, with the same air that a jockey exhibits a beautiful horse, and it required all the self-command that I could possibly summon to avoid making faces at him in church; but Letitia kept her controlling eye always at my service, and aided me.

"I was nearly fourteen when Letitia, long in a decline, left me. Although I had known there was no hope of her recovery, it was a terrible thing to me for her to die. Her persuasive, gentle ways had prevented me from being a slave to the intruding army of Wilsons; but aggressive moments began before her death, so I shuddered at the thought of her leaving me. I utterly hated my stepfather, who exhibited a passionate and disgusting fondness for me. Letitia, with her maturity and intuition born of long suffering, divined the evil in his heart and trembled for my future. I was a beautiful child, with an early and voluptuous development, but a little child in mind and heart. Our physician was a promising young man, already attaining an enviable reputation—a christian gentleman. Letitia confided to him the terrible forebodings of her heart, and he resolved to prevent their fulfillment. Calling me into the room where the dying girl, radiant with angelic beauty, was lying, he asked me to become his wife before she was gone, as it would gratify her and give him the right to be protector. I sobbed passionately, knowing little of what was involved, yet feeling that he was my only friend, as my mother was ruled with an iron hand and dared not incur the displeasure of her husband by any indulgences for my pleasure. I will never forget how impressive the noble face that was bent towards me appeared in the subdued light of that room, where an awful presence was waiting to claim my precious sister. Letitia's thin hand caressed my curly head, and her faint voice urged me to accept. While the doctor waited, still holding my hand, I answered, as I turned to Letitia:

"'I will, if you wish me to.'

"My mother was called in, and informed of the arrangement, and, I believe, was as thankful as Letitia for the unexpected protection offered me. I do not believe she was wholly blind to my stepfather's passionate admiration of me. He, fortunately, happened to be away, and no time was lost in procuring a license and a minister. I was married while my tears rained thick and fast, and sobs choked my utterance. Tenderly my husband lifted me upon his knee, and, with my head resting upon his shoulder, I wept until the fountain of tears seemed exhausted. Together we watched beside Letitia until midnight, when she whispered once more "Good-ye,' and I thought the world had ceased to move, so, holding her slender hand and gently caressing my hair, he said:

"'She is gone.'

"No son could have been more thoughtfully interested and kindly attentive to a mother than was my husband to my mother, as in a half dazed manner she watched the preparations for burial. The rage of my stepfather when he knew what had occurred during his absence knew no bounds. He was powerless, however. All had been done legally, and he was not my guardian; but his cowardly, selfish soul found many methods for annoying my feeble mother. He compelled the doctor to remove me at once to his boarding-house, although he knew that the marriage contract was made with the understanding that I was not to fill the position of a wife until the expiration of two years, the interval to be spent at school in the neighborhood, so I could remain with my mother during that time, and my husband would only visit me with other members of the family.

"Poor little Carrie was the frequent object of Squire Wilson's outbursts of temper, and was made a slave to the younger children until her slender frame succumbed to the cruelty. Mourning for the love of her sisters, she failed in strength daily, and at last I was summoned home to bid her adieu. It was with a feeling of relief and gladness that I saw the little form laid once more upon Letitia's bosom, even though it was in the grave.

"So much of a child was I that the doctor was frequently obliged to call me in from play when he returned to our boarding-house, finding me at my old sport of sailing chips and wading in the water, running races or playing marbles, and not unfrequently engaged in a warm dispute with the playmates in regard to my marriage. I insisted upon being called by my lawful name, Mrs. Doctor Andrew, and, with a singular contradiction to my childish ways in other matters, I resented any approach to romantic talk or inquiries about my domestic life. To see Mrs. Doctor Andrew led home with dusty shoes from running races, eyes flashing with anger at some remark from a playmate, or vexed because he had checked a debate with some audacious fellow who had presumed to give me the old name of Sis, or had bantered me for a kiss! I often think now it must have required an endowment of almost superhuman patience. I could not 'be a woman,' although the desirableness of so being was urged upon me by all who knew me, and it probably might have had more influence had the urging been done in a different spirit. My husband patiently 'waited,' much to the chagrin of spinsters who had tried to win him, and of old women who always took upon doctors as a piece of property belonging especially to them. I really think some of them would have been glad to see me soundly whipped. Mrs. Hammond, with whom we boarded, was in a state of chronic alarm and surprise, and actually gave me a severe shaking one day, when the pursuit of a pet kitten resulted in disaster to her china.

"Without fault-finding, my husband endeavored to instill into my life some womanly love of dress and manner. The death of my sisters, the estrangement of my mother, and the position I occupied, belonging neither to childhood, youth nor maturity, but ope by myself, imbued me with a spirit of recklessness. In despair, my husband left me to my mother to take charge of me. On her arrival I horrified them all by answering the summons in muddy and unlaced boots, a soiled face and hands, and my hair unbrushed. The precious old lady was awaiting me, neat, complacent, expectant, and with kindness beaming from her eye. My wardrobe was well supplied with becoming clothes, but a fit of obstinacy possessed me, and I would not go to my room, as my husband desired, or permit him to brush my hair. I know now that my husband had prepared his mother for my caprices. I was quite surprised that she did not seem shocked; but when he led me up to her, saying: 'Mother, this is your little daughter,' she kissed my soiled face, and, looking at me with the tenderest sympathy, overcame all my self-will and led me to my room, where she assisted me to dress, after refreshing herself with a white wrapper and dainty cap that was very becoming. I was quite tractable in her hands. She laughed and chatted in a charming way that I received a realizing impression of Mrs. Doctor Andrew, with her husband shaking the dust from her skirts, and following her with a hair-brush, pulling together and fastening refractory belts, and patiently enduring all her elfish, hoydenish ways. My new mother and I were all the deep love of my heart, and I slept in her arms that night, the sweetest sleep I had known since Letitia's loving embrace soothed my restless fancies. She determined on taking me home with her, and I was very willing to go; yet I cast some longing looks over the broad meadow to my mother's home, but I dared not go to her and tell her of my love for my dear, new mother. I had been *banished* when we returned from little Carrie's grave. My husband had made no demonstration of affection except an occasional kiss on the forehead, or the resting of his beautiful hand upon my head. I would have resented anything further with an outburst of my furious temper, which I had not been taught to control, and which, since I was deprived of Letitia's guidance, seemed to develop almost without provocation. When our preparations were all made, my husband called me into his room, and, closing the door, talked long and earnestly of my studies, and his hopes that I would endeavor to become the really noble woman he knew I might be. Then he gravely asked:

"'Do you love me?'

"I could not answer him, because I did not know. With tear-dimmed eyes he told me how his love had twined about me, pointing out to me how desolate I would be were it not for his protecting love, and disclosed to me the designs of my stepfather. It seemed necessary to do so in order to make a lasting impression on my mind of what was my duty. I was shocked. Although the truth had been most delicately told me, its horrible hideousness made me shudder, and I realized why I had so loathed the touch of his hand. I promised to try and improve, and to write him long letters every week. There was a yearning look in his dark eyes that I can yet see when I recall the scene as he held my hands and prayed: 'Father in heaven! go with this precious child, keeping her safe in Thy love.' For the first time, he impulsively clasped me to his heart and kissed me. I struggled free, and ran sobbing to his mother with the command that he hold me tight and gave me an ugly kiss on my mouth, and I would never like him again. She hushed me soothingly, and we started on our journey.

"My new home was charming. An old-fashioned house, surrounded by fine old elms, and a broad sweep of lawn sloping from the edge of the grove. Back of the house and lawn were the garden, orchard, meadow and field, with all the accessories of stock and barnyard that are requisite to the first-class, well-tilled farm. Natural endowment of fine scenery had been assisted by artistic taste. Sufficiently near to one of the most charming cities of Western New York, where we could visit at pleasure and connect without any extra fatigue, as the drive was made charming by beautiful homes, fine gardens, and picturesque glimpses of the beautiful winding river. I had a little boat in which I spent happy hours alone on the river, rowing beneath the drooping willows, or fishing in the deeper pools. My pony, 'Little Fairy,' enjoyed a gallop out through 'the timber road,' as it was called, or along the ridge, quite as much as her rider did, and we stood on the brink of the hill many a morning when the sun was peeping at us—stood and watched its rising amid a scene of beauty that will never fade from my memory while life shall last. A teacher was procured for me, and under the judicious management of the good mother and the kindly Madame De Laury I improved rapidly. The doctor came to see me frequently, and I learned to look for his letters with pleasant anticipations, and for his coming with a quiet gladness of heart. He stately bow as he took my hand, and the kiss he always left on my forehead, were a sort of hallowed picture which I delighted in recalling. I grew very rapidly, and his look of surprise was very amusing when, at every visit, he found me still reaching up, until he jestingly said I almost grew high in the world as he; but I might as well abandon the project, and content myself with ordinary womanly proportions.' With gestures of mock consternation he exclaimed against the bills for drygoods, which I could only wear a few weeks before they 'pinched.' My studies were made interesting by the thought that it was all for him, and that he was gratified with every advancement that I made. His voice was sweetest music, his praise welcome reward.

"One day in September, when his absence had extended beyond his usual time, I was swinging idly beneath the chestnut at the head of the walk. It was my favorite tree, because it was the only one, and stood so lonely in the great grove of elms. Looking up, under the influence of his magnetic eyes, I saw my husband within a few feet of me, his hat removed, his face radiant with pleasure. Impulsively I gave a glad cry, and as he caught me in his arms I clasped both hands about his neck and kissed him.

"'At last!' he exclaimed. 'I thank Thee for this joy, so long desired, O thou giver of all good!' We sat down, his arm about me, my head resting on his breast. How precious now is the memory of his words, as he spoke of the joy I had given him, of the years longing in his heart for my love to come, when as a wayward child, I disregarded his wishes. Again and again he kissed me, all the sternness of his face gone away, and we laughed together merrily as he teased me about my sudden change. His mother came up the path, and was quite startled by the affectionate child she beheld. My sweet content I cared not that she saw me nestled close in the arms of her son.

"'O daughter, daughter!' she exclaimed, 'that horrid, impudent man, to kiss you on the mouth! Come to me, child, and I will protect you.'

"For answer I kissed him again, and she shook her finger at me and laughed merrily at the memory of a scene she had witnessed only a year before. She came up to us, and my husband said:

"'Mother, rejoice with me. I have won my wife.'

"Kissing us both, she answered:

"'I do, my son.'

"And as she turned away and left us, to enjoy the new-found pleasure, I know that she was deeply grateful for the joy that crowned the life of the noble son, who honored her with a reverential love.

"When he returned to his field of toil I missed him so much, and his letters were so full of tender longings for my presence, that I coaxed him to let me go to him, promising in the letters that I would not make mud-pies or float chip-boats, and would keep my shoes laced and curls brushed out, if only I might be with him all the time. His permission came, and, accompanied by our mother, I hastened to him, and we began life again at Mrs. Hammond's. For the first time after a year and a half of bridehood I felt that I was shielded from all the world, and rich beyond compute in the possession of my husband's grand heart. Mrs. Hammond was never weary of praising me, and cheerfully aided me in learning how to do many things conducive to our happiness and comfort. My husband was devoted to me. It seems to me now that I can recall every look and word and caress of that blissful time, when we were scarcely separated, as in his professional visits I often drove our handsome team for my husband, or, if the rides were not too urgent, rode 'Fairy' by his side. The Winter was very fine, and we had such grand sleigh-rides and splendid skating together. My husband entered into every sport with a zest that made him lose years from the expression of his face. We were supremely happy. How vividly I can now recall all the surroundings of my home! The beautiful parlor, with its long lace-draped windows looking out to the lake, where, with a glass, I could watch the white sails far out upon the blue waters; the chamber, with a view of the river pouring its gathered treasures into the restless deep; the cosy dining-room, where jovial Father Hammond of the lake teased me with his droll humor; the vine-draped porch, where I could sit and watch the silvery ripples of Meadow Brook and the happy broods of water-loving fowl that dotted the surface; my singing birds, my flowers, my books, and the dear little cottage-piano, my birthday gift from him whose voice so harmoniously joined with mine in our evening hymn of praise; the low couch, where I would kneel by his side and soothe his weary head after long rides and many professional anxieties pressed upon him. Then he loved to have me near him, silent and sympathetic.

"One Sabbath morning, when the first snow of our second Winter was falling, I was resting him, as he said, when the quick, ringing sound of hasty horsemen broke the stillness, and I was soon startled by the unceremonious entrance of some officers, and a gruff voice said:

"'You are my prisoner, sir,' and his hand was laid on my husband's arm. 'I arrest you for the murder of Alice Thorn!'

"With a wild shriek I clung to him, while he put on his cloak and cap without a word. He kissed me, and, putting my hands gently away, said:

"'I am not guilty, darling. Keep up good heart. It will be all right.'

"As they were leading him away, he turned, caught me in his arms, and gave me the last kiss I ever received from his lips, then left me, half fainting, in Mrs. Hammond's motherly care. My heart told me it was a final parting, and I felt that I must die with the weight of the horrible dream, for I could not make it seem real. I was almost insane, and when slumber overcame me would wake with a start and a scream; when I found no loving arm about me. I was not permitted to see him after his imprisonment. O Edith! what a cruel link in the chain of wrong that bound me! My mother came and entreated me to return to her until my husband was released from prison. Mrs. Hammond was very much opposed to my going. My mother-in-law wrote to me to come to her at once—she was too ill to come to me. But I thought I must remain as near the prison as possible. My stepfather, a country official now, promised that, if I would forgive him for his harshness and return home, he would obtain for me an interview with my husband. Leaving Mrs. Hammond in tears, and removing nothing from my rooms except the clothing necessary for a brief absence, I went to my mother, where I was led to believe I would soon be happy in my husband's presence. The visit to the prison was deferred from day to day, until the news came that the prisoner had made his escape. Mrs. Hammond had seen him the day before, and brought me a letter, which she had managed to convey from him unobserved, and which she gave me with an intelligent look that demanded silence. The letter read:

"'SWEET WIFE.—I have longed for your presence, but you refuse to come, I am told. My heart does not accept this. I think we are the victims of a conspiracy. Who are the prime movers, however, is a mystery to me. Circumstantial evidence is very strong against me. Alice Thorn's seducer is my enemy, and will use every effort to secure my conviction. A way of escape is offered, and I shall avail myself of it to-night. When next you hear from me I shall send a trusty messenger for you, and we will soon be reunited. I can trust Mrs. Hammond—she will not be searched, and she smuggled me the means to write to you. My beloved one, adieu, and may God bless and keep you. In faithful love, until death,

YOUR HUSBAND.'

"I learned from my mother that the doctor had been called to attend my former schoolmate Alice. Maltreatment had resulted in her death, and it was generally believed that my husband was the guilty party, although he affirmed that he was in a very critical condition when first he saw her, and he entertained grave doubts of her recovery. The circumstances were unusually painful. She was the only and beautiful child of a blind widow, whose life seemed bound up in her. The doctor expressed a willingness to do all in his power for her, and the widow accepted his services faithfully; but, if she died, the truth must be made known. To this proposition the seducer had agreed. Alice died during the night, and information leading to the arrest was given at once. The name of the seducer I did not learn for some years. Alternately hoping and despairing, I endured the suspense through all that long, terrible Winter, but waited in vain.

"You must be weary, Edith, and I am quite nervous. I will leave you now, and we will resume our relation of listener and narrator to-morrow."

How grandly beautiful she was as she passed into the house, every motion under control, and her haughty head in repose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BROKEN VOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Broken ties! Ah, who can ever
Think on them without a pain?
When two hearts in rashness sever,
They may never meet again—
They may strive, they may endeavor,
But, believe me, they can never
Banish from the heart pain.

Love's fond vows, too lightly spoken
In an hour of childish glee,
From the heart, love's own token,
Never can the heart get free.
For the vows that once were cherished,
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Round the love that now has perished
Will at moments still entwine.

Broken hearts! What abject sorrow
Shrouds the mind in love's decay!
Not e'en life's returning morrow
E'er can thus dispel the gray.
We may tread the paths of folly
To alleviate the pain,
But mirth's short, and melancholy
Will, it ever, o'er us remain.

Broken ties! Then who can ever
Think on them without a pain?
When two hearts too rashly sever,
They may never meet again.
They may strive, they may endeavor,
To evade one fond regret;
But, believe me, they can never
All the broken vows forget.

B-lfast, Ireland, July 8, 1876. S. A. KIRKPATRICK.

GREATER THAN CREEDMOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"I never miss er shot, never."

"That is considerable of a boast. The very best shots I have ever known failed sometimes. There are many things against a man's always being successful."

"I tell yer I haint never missed, and never will," was the emphatic answer again, and the butt of the rifle descended heavily to the ground to enforce the words.

He was a man of more than middle-age, unusually tall, with hair grizzled and skin tanned by constant exposure to wind and weather—a man with very little flesh, but of great bone and muscle, and accustomed to all kinds of hardship, for his birth had been upon the frontier, and all of his days passed there. But there was nothing to make him stand out prominently from his fellows, save it might have been a square mouth, with high cheek-bones, the firmly-set lips, and especially the keenness of the clear blue-gray eyes, that kindled as hickory coals when he was excited, and now fairly blazed as his veracity was questioned, even in so slight a manner, and by a friend.

His companion was the leader of a party journeying overland to the great gold fields of the Pacific at an early day—a skillful guide and an Indian fighter—one who was almost unmatched as a rifle-shot, and knew of what he was talking.

"I know," answered Captain Rogers—his title by having command of the train—"I know that you are remarkable skillful with your weapon, but you must take into consideration the effect of light, wind, powder, human nerves, and a hundred other things, before asserting that you will never miss."

"I haint got no nerves, and I never miss," doggedly continued John Newberry—"old Newberry," as he was familiarly called by all the deep love of my heart, and I slept in her arms that night, the sweetest sleep I had known since Letitia's loving embrace soothed my restless fancies. She determined on taking me home with her, and I was very willing to go; yet I cast some longing looks over the broad meadow to my mother's home, but I dared not go to her and tell her of my love for my dear, new mother. I had been *banished* when we returned from little Carrie's grave. My husband had made no demonstration of affection except an occasional kiss on the forehead, or the resting of his beautiful hand upon my head. I would have resented anything further with an outburst of my furious temper, which I had not been taught to control, and which, since I was deprived of Letitia's guidance, seemed to develop almost without provocation. When our preparations were all made, my husband called me into his room, and, closing the door, talked long and earnestly of my studies, and his hopes that I would endeavor to become the really noble woman he knew I might be. Then he gravely asked:

"'Do you love me?'

"I could not answer him, because I did not know. With tear-dimmed eyes he told me how his love had twined about me, pointing out to me how desolate I would be were it not for his protecting love, and disclosed to me the designs of my stepfather. It seemed necessary to do so in order to make a lasting impression on my mind of what was my duty. I was shocked. Although the truth had been most delicately told me, its horrible hideousness made me shudder, and I realized why I had so loathed the touch of his hand. I promised to try and improve, and to write him long letters every week. There was a yearning look in his dark eyes that I can yet see when I recall the scene as he held my hands and prayed: 'Father in heaven! go with this precious child, keeping her safe in Thy love.' For the first time, he impulsively clasped me to his heart and kissed me. I struggled free, and ran sobbing to his mother with the command that he hold me tight and gave me an ugly kiss on my mouth, and I would never like him again. She hushed me soothingly, and we started on our journey.

"My new home was charming. An old-fashioned house, surrounded by fine old elms, and a broad sweep of lawn sloping from the edge of the grove. Back of the house and lawn were the garden, orchard, meadow and field, with all the accessories of stock and barnyard that are requisite to the first-class, well-tilled farm. Natural endowment of fine scenery had been assisted by artistic taste. Sufficiently near to one of the most charming cities of Western New York, where we could visit at pleasure and connect without any extra fatigue, as the drive was made charming by beautiful homes, fine gardens, and picturesque glimpses of the beautiful winding river. I had a little boat in which I spent happy hours alone on the river, rowing beneath the drooping willows, or fishing in the deeper pools. My pony, 'Little Fairy,' enjoyed a gallop out through 'the timber road,' as it was called, or along the ridge, quite as much as her rider did, and we stood on the brink of the hill many a morning when the sun was peeping at us—stood and watched its rising amid a scene of beauty that will never fade from my memory while life shall last. A teacher was procured for me, and under the judicious management of the good mother and the kindly Madame De Laury I improved rapidly. The doctor came to see me frequently, and I learned to look for his letters with pleasant anticipations, and for his coming with a quiet gladness of heart. He stately bow as he took my hand, and the kiss he always left on my forehead, were a sort of hallowed picture which I delighted in recalling. I grew very rapidly, and his look of surprise was very amusing when, at every visit, he found me still reaching up, until he jestingly said I almost grew high in the world as he; but I might as well abandon the project, and content myself with ordinary womanly proportions.' With gestures of mock consternation he exclaimed against the bills for drygoods, which I could only wear a few weeks before they 'pinched.' My studies were made interesting by the thought that it was all for him, and that he was gratified with every advancement that I made. His voice was sweetest music, his praise welcome reward.

"One day in September, when his absence had extended beyond his usual time, I was swinging idly beneath the chestnut at the head of the walk. It was my favorite tree, because it was the only one, and stood so lonely in the great grove of elms. Looking up, under the influence of his magnetic eyes, I saw my husband within a few feet of me, his hat removed, his face radiant with pleasure. Impulsively I gave a glad cry, and as he caught me in his arms I clasped both hands about his neck and kissed him.

"'At last!' he exclaimed. 'I thank Thee for this joy, so long desired, O thou giver of all good!' We sat down, his arm about me, my head resting on his breast. How precious now is the memory of his words, as he spoke of the joy I had given him, of the years longing in his heart for my love to come, when as a wayward child, I disregarded his wishes. Again and again he kissed me, all the sternness of his face gone away, and we laughed together merrily as he teased me about my sudden change. His mother came up the path, and was quite startled by the affectionate child she beheld. My sweet content I cared not that she saw me nestled close in the arms of her son.

"'O daughter, daughter!' she exclaimed, 'that horrid, impudent man, to kiss you on the mouth! Come to me, child, and I will protect you.'

"For answer I kissed him again, and she shook her finger at me and laughed merrily at the memory of a scene she had witnessed only a year before. She came up to us, and my husband said:

"'Mother, rejoice with me. I have won my wife.'

"Kissing us both, she answered:

"'I do, my son.'

"And as she turned away and left us, to enjoy the new-found pleasure, I know that she was deeply grateful for the joy that crowned the life of the noble son, who honored her with a reverential love.

"When he returned to his field of toil I missed him so much, and his letters were so full of tender longings for my presence, that I coaxed him to let me go to him, promising in the letters that I would not make mud-pies or float chip-boats, and would keep my shoes laced and curls brushed out, if only I might be with him all the time. His permission came, and, accompanied by our mother, I hastened to him, and we began life again at Mrs. Hammond's. For the first time after a year and a half of bridehood I felt that I was shielded from all the world, and rich beyond compute in the possession of my husband's grand heart. Mrs. Hammond was never weary of praising me, and cheerfully aided me in learning how to do many things conducive to our happiness and comfort. My husband was devoted to me. It seems to me now that I can recall every look and word and caress of that blissful time, when we were scarcely separated, as in his professional visits I often drove our handsome team for my husband, or, if the rides were not too urgent, rode 'Fairy' by his side. The Winter was very fine, and we had such grand sleigh-rides and splendid skating together. My husband entered into every sport with a zest that made him lose years from the expression of his face. We were supremely happy. How vividly I can now recall all the surroundings of my home! The beautiful parlor, with its long lace-draped windows looking out to the lake, where, with a glass, I could watch the white sails far out upon the blue waters; the chamber, with a view of the river pouring its gathered treasures into the restless deep; the cosy dining-room, where jovial Father Hammond of the lake teased me with his droll humor; the vine-draped porch, where I could sit and watch the silvery ripples of Meadow Brook and the happy broods of water-loving fowl that dotted the surface; my singing birds, my flowers, my books, and the dear little cottage-piano, my birthday gift from him whose voice so harmoniously joined with mine in our evening hymn of praise; the low couch, where I would kneel by his side and soothe his weary head after long rides and many professional anxieties pressed upon him. Then he loved to have me near him, silent and sympathetic.

"Like one demented, Newberry ran hither and thither; and when, at a late hour, the captain came in, his first words fell through the ear to the heart of the father of the missing girl as ice.

"You must be careful to-night, boys," he said, "and no wandering. There are Indians about. I have been watching them for some time, and ——"

"In ther name of Heaven, have you seen anything of my Jane?" interrupted the old man.

"With a wild shriek I clung to him, while he put on his cloak and cap without a word. He kissed me, and, putting my hands gently away, said:

"'I am not guilty, darling. Keep up good heart. It will be all right.'

"As they were leading him away, he turned, caught me in his arms, and gave me the last kiss I ever received from his lips, then left me, half fainting, in Mrs. Hammond's motherly care. My heart told me it was a final parting, and I felt that I must die with the weight of the horrible dream, for I could not make it seem real. I was almost insane, and when slumber overcame me would wake with a start and a scream; when I found no loving arm about me. I was not permitted to see him after his imprisonment. O Edith! what a cruel link in the chain of wrong that bound me! My mother came and entreated me to return to her until my husband was released from prison. Mrs. Hammond was very much opposed to my going. My mother-in-law wrote to me to come to her at once—she was too ill to come to me. But I thought I must remain as near the prison as possible. My stepfather, a country official now, promised that, if I would forgive him for his harshness and return home, he would obtain for me an interview with my husband. Leaving Mrs. Hammond in tears, and removing nothing from my rooms except the clothing necessary for a brief absence, I went to my mother, where I was led to believe I would soon be happy in my husband's presence. The visit to the prison was deferred from day to day, until the news came that the prisoner had made his escape. Mrs. Hammond had seen him the day before, and brought me a letter, which she had managed to convey from him unobserved, and which she gave me with an intelligent look that demanded silence. The letter read:

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CUPID'S FOIBLES FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A ROMANCE OF "LOVERS' REST."

Last night was one to tempt the rustiest and crustiest old bachelor on earth to take a moonlight walk and revel in romantic thought. The sky was cloudless, and the beautiful stars shone forth in all their brilliance, while fair Luna—who was as full as a tick—shed her radiant light upon this mundane sphere, and stood out in the planetary system like a bright and shining twenty-dollar piece among a myriad of five-dollar pieces. It is seldom that we are favored with so beautiful a night in these parts, and it was made the most of by sighing swains and maidens fair, many of whom took moonlight walks to "Lovers' Rest." "Lovers' Rest," be it known, is the freight-platform of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad. It is quite a long walk down there, and, on arriving at the platform, lovers, as well as sensible people, sit down to rest, and that's why the place is called "Lovers' Rest." They walked to the platform, he and she, and sat them down to rest on some piles of coils of telegraph-wire intended for the new telegraph-line to Belmont. Long had he yearned to tell the tale of his heart, but had not dared to give utterance to the passion which was consuming him; but, with the gentle moon shedding its mild light upon them, with all nature hushed, and naught breaking the stillness but the ripple of the water in the railroad company's ditch, the seal on his lips was broken, and the declaration of his love gushed forth like Oregon champagne from the bottle which confines its sweetness. Softly pressing her beauteous hand within his own, with faltering tongue he poured forth the tale of his love and asked her to be "his'n."

"Can I have a piano, and a solitaire-diamond wedding-ring, and seven-button gloves till I can't rest?" murmured the fair creature. "Anything, darling, anything you want. Do you suppose I would see you want for anything? No; I would shut my eyes first." He was about to clasp her to his manly breast, when she exclaimed: "I'm stuck!" "Yes, dearest," he returned. "You could n't be stuck otherwise? From the moment I first beheld thee I have felt in my bones that you were stuck after me." "That aint it, you fool," she shrieked. "I'm stuck in the wire." And, as she made an effort to release herself, she sank further into the treacherous coils, till she assumed the shape of a letter W. Gallantly the lover rushed to the rescue of his precious one; but his strength was not equal to the task, and his efforts to release the maiden from her cruel bonds were futile. Assistance must be procured; and in desperation he shouted: "Murder! Fire! Thieves! Cloud burst! Help!"

His cries aroused some of the railroad employes from their slumber, and they jumped from their beds and rushed out into the night, thinking Bedlam had broken loose or somebody was trying to steal the railroad. When the foremost of the party saw the red stripes on the maiden's stockings, and beheld the stockings and their contents waving to and fro in the air, he took them for a danger-signal, and shouted to a companion to look to the switches. But the maiden's young man soon informed the men of the situation, and crowbars were procured, and the young lady soon pried out of her unpleasant predicament. When she was at last released from the wire, she had acquired the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, and the Eureka limp, none of which she knew before; and the last-named she practiced all the way home, with variations on the other two. When the door of her paternal mansion was reached, the young lady informed the young man that she "needed some snootin' around there no more;" that she "didn't want nothing to do with a snoozer who didn't have as much strength as a kitten, and couldn't snake a girl out of a coil of telegraph wire without calling on the entire community to examine the color of her stockings."—*Eureka* (Cal.) *Sentinel*.

A WOMAN'S MANIA
for Wearing Male Attire Ends in Death.

A dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., dated Sept. 19, tells the following tragic story: "The persistency of Jennie Bonnett in wearing male attire, after making her whim for several years a diversion for herself and her acquaintances, has ended in her dreadful death. She was born in Paris twenty-seven years ago, and her father and mother were actors. They finally came to San Francisco in 1859, and Mr. Bonnett, being able to speak English with sufficient accuracy, was employed during the next dozen years or so in the poorer theatres. After that he was employed in a mercantile establishment. Jennie grew up about as she would, and her ways were wild. One of her fancies was the wearing of male dress, and she wore her hair short in order to assist in the disguise. Her features were not femininely delicate, nor her voice so light as is common with her sex; and consequently no stranger would guess that she was not a good-looking Jewish fellow. Her dash in amusement was in keeping with her business vim. She dealt in frogs, supplied the large hotels and restaurants with them, and derived from them an ample income. The money thus secured was spent in luxurious living.

"Yesterday Jennie started out, in her favorite disguise, with a young companion named Blanche Buneau, on an excursion of fun. They hired a horse and carriage at a livery-stable, and drove to San Miguel, stopping there at the San Miguel Hotel, a small eating establishment that thrives on its restaurant, being close by the railroad depot. The landlord knew Jennie, because she had often been in his house, and her free expenditures made him a safe guardian of her secret. That day Jennie and Blanche went home about 4 o'clock in the evening, and dined sumptuously at the hotel, drinking more wine than women usually do. They had intended to return to the city earlier, and had so informed the liveryman; and, alarmed by their continued absence, he followed them to regain his property. He quarreled with Jennie, and was about to assault her, whereupon the landlord told him that she was a woman, and he desisted. The horse and wagon were then taken away by the owner, the women deciding to remain all night.

"Blanche had an accepted lover, William Deneve, whom she was engaged to marry. He was a Frenchman, and extremely jealous. Once he saw her with Jennie, who was unknown to him, and whom he at once regarded as an interloping young man. Deneve at that time upbraided Blanche, but she did not undeceive him as to Jennie's identity. It is believed that he saw or in some way learned of her departure yesterday for San Miguel, was furously excited by her apparent fickleness, followed them, and watched their movements until the terrible end of the adventure. The room in which Jennie and Blanche were to sleep was in the first story, adjoining a balcony. They retired late. Blanche got into bed first, and Jennie was preparing to do so. Suddenly, without previous warning, there was a gun-flash and a report at the window, and a heavy charge of buckshot entered Jennie's side, killing her instantly. Blanche ran screaming to the door, arousing the household with her cries. The frightened landlord hesitated to go to the balcony, and before he braced his courage sufficiently to make a search the murderer had escaped. A coroner's jury this morning gave a verdict against Deneve, but he has not been found by the police."

DID HE HUG HER INTENTIONALLY?—Miss Mary L. Smith, an interesting, cherry-lipped brunette, sat in the City-court room in Brooklyn yesterday as the plaintiff in a suit for $5,000 damages against Peter Mallon, a florist of Fulton street, Brooklyn, whom she accused of kissing her across the counter without her consent. She was accompanied by her mother, who is a widow, and a young gentleman—her prospective husband—and her counsel. The complaint accused Mallon of putting his arms about the plaintiff, but did not add the kissing allegation, which was at first made. Miss Smith testified that she entered the store in February, and bought a small bouquet. She began pinning it on her dress, and Mr. Mallon said it was too low down, and she asked him to put it in the right place. As he was changing the arrangement of the flowers he leaned over and put his arms about her, embracing her. She crossed the street in agitation, entering Horton's store. Peter Mallon, a quiet, plain-faced man, testified to selling the young lady a bunch of flowers, for which she paid ten cents. He saw her pinning the bouquet too low down, and said: "Don't pin it there—pin it higher up." She asked him to pin it, and, while he was doing so, his feet slipped on a green leaf on the floor, and he pitched forward over the corner, and, to prevent a fall, put his hands on her shoulders. His two children were in the store at the time. Miss Smith went across the street, and stood at a store-window for some time. Mr. Mallon says that the whole episode was an accident, and that he made no effort either to kiss or to embrace the young lady. Robert Seymour testified that he remembered seeing Miss Smith enter Horton's store, but he noticed no unusual excitement. Ex-Judge S. D. Morris for the defendant, and N. P. O'Brien for the plaintiff, briefly summed up the case, and, after the Judge's charge, the jury retired. In a half hour they returned, and the verdict the foreman returned was "We find no cause of action." The Court directed a verdict for the defendant; but one juror said that the verdict was a conditional one, that they disagreed as to costs. They did not want to give either party costs. The jury were polled, and one juror answered that the verdict, as recorded, was not his verdict. Mr. Morris moved that the foreman's verdict be enforced, and that the fact that the defendant waived costs be entered on the minutes, and the jury discharged. Judge Reynolds told the jury to retire, and bring in a verdict for either plaintiff or defendant, or disagree. After a prolonged absence they disagreed.—*N. Y. Sun*, Sept. 22.

A REPENTANT DAUGHTER.—A few days ago a young girl of attractive appearance arrived in this city from Pittsburg, and entered upon a life of sin and shame in one of the disreputable houses situated on Thirteenth street, northwest. Her story to the mistress of the establishment was that she had some difficulty with her parents, who wished to place too much restraint upon her inclinations, and, rather than submit to coercion, she preferred to take her future in her own hands. A very brief experience showed the willful one how much she had erred; but, though bitterly repenting her fate, she resolved not to make an appeal to her parents to save her. Some person, however, learned her antecedents, and, disregarding her wishes in the matter, made known her whereabouts to her father. No sooner was the intelligence received by the distracted parents than they at once started for Washington, and, fearing that some obstacle might be placed in their way if they attempted to remove the girl from the unfortunate place she had temporarily made her home, they solicited the assistance of the police. The aid was cheerfully granted, and the house of ill-fame was visited by the father and mother, in company with two policemen. The mistress at first protested that no person of the name given was in her house, but after some grumbling she permitted the party to make an inspection of the place. The daughter was found in one of the rooms, and at first betrayed a great deal of confusion and embarrassment; but, finding that she was not scolded or even reproached for her misconduct, she became repentant, and in a few minutes was bitterly sobbing on her mother's shoulder. It took but a few minutes after this to get the girl's effects together, when the trio left the house for the hotel, where the parents were putting up. That night the two departed for Pittsburg, the father and mother rejoicing greatly over their captured prodigal daughter, who looked downcast over her escapade.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle*, Sept. 18.

A FAITHLESS LOVER.—A rather remarkable cause of action is set forth in the papers in the case of Emanuel Detsch against Morris Langer and Lyonce Langer, which were submitted to Chief-justice Daly in the Special Term of the Court of Common Pleas yesterday. The plaintiff, it appears, is the father of a young lady to whom the first-named defendant had been paying attentions during the early portion of last Summer. Langer offered to marry her within three months, provided the plaintiff would give him $800 in cash, and notes to the amount of $1,000. Detsch agreed to this proposition, thinking, no doubt, it would be a good thing to help along his prospective son-in-law. Accordingly, a written agreement was drawn up, containing the offer and its acceptance, and Detsch then delivered the money and notes to Langer. The latter put the notes in the custody of his brother Lyonce for safe keeping. Langer, after obtaining the money and the notes, ceased his courting of the plaintiff's daughter, and discontinued his visits to her father's house. When asked for an explanation of his conduct, he said he did not want to marry the girl. Demand was then made on him for the surrender of the money and notes, but he refused to give them back. A suit at law was therefore begun by Mr. Detsch to recover the $800 in money, and the present action in equity was also instituted to restrain the defendant from disposing of the notes in any manner. Chief-justice Daly yesterday granted a temporary injunction restraining any disposition of the notes, and an order to show cause, returnable on Friday, why the injunction should not be made permanent.—*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 27.

A WIDOW named Pitcairn, aged eighty years, was married at Westfield, N. J., Sept. 27, to a clergyman named Williams, and, just as the final words of the ceremony were pronounced, the bride was struck with paralysis, and is not expected to recover.

BASEBALL.

NEW YORK vs. BROOKLYN.
Crooked Play.

The second contest between selected nines of the semi-professional clubs of Brooklyn and New York took place Sept. 27 on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, and it proved to be quite a disreputable affair, as there was no doubt of the fact that "crooked" play was indulged in by one or more of the contestants. To show the work done—the odds in the pools being 25 to 18 in favor of New York, betting not warranted by the respective strengths of the two nines—we proceed at once to describe the play in detail.

The Brooklyn nine included West, Dunn, Cassidy and Hourigan of the Chelseas; Valentine and Larkin, the catcher and pitcher of the Brooklyn nine of June last, Larkin now being the pitcher of the Alaskas; Smith of the Amitys, Redmayne of the Nassaus, and Schenck of the Hudsons. The New York team included Hankerson, Treacy, Dover and Quilty of the Alaskas, Fallon and McGlynn of the Resolutes of Elizabeth, and Isherwood, Ryan and Sullivan of the New York nine. The Brooklyns went to the bat first, and were easily fielded out by Hankerson and Fallon, though Dunn made a base-hit. Then the New York nine went in, Fallon leading off by striking out. Hankerson then got his base on called balls, went to his second on a passed ball, and was given his run on a wild pitch by Larkin. Dover then struck out, and, after McGlynn had made his base, Treacy popped up an easy fly and retired. Score, 1 to 0 in favor of New York.

In the second inning, after Valentine had been thrown out and Cassidy had earned his base, bad play by McGlynn gave Smith a life on three strikes, and other bases by passed balls, Schenck also getting his first-base in the same way, McGlynn throwing wild to second. The next two easily made base-hits, and, being assisted round by wild pitching and a passed ball, the result was a score of four unearned runs, the pitching of Fallon and catching of McGlynn being strikingly inferior to their play in the previous game. On the other side this loose play was offset by similar fielding errors on the part of Larkin and Valentine, the play at this period looking as if it was merely a trial as to which of the pair should let the opposing side score the more unearned runs. Quelly led off for them, he was well thrown out by Schenck. Then Isherwood took his base on called balls, and went round on passed balls; after this, Rogers and Sullivan made base-hits on easily-pitched balls, and, after Fallon had been thrown out, errors by Redmayne and wild pitching led to four runs being scored. By this, New York took the lead again by 5 to 4. In the next two innings neither side scored, some talk about the selling of the game leading suspected players to ease up in their little game. In the fifth inning, however, after Brooklyn had tied the score by means of a base-hit by West and an error by Dover—a double-play by Treacey showing how well he can play when he wants to—the position of leaders was again given the New York nine by the wild pitching of Larkin and passed balls by Valentine, which, together with the easy balls sent in to Dover, Treacy and Isherwood, gave the New-Yorkers four unearned runs, the side being put out by the fine fielding of Dunn and Cassidy, the latter making a brilliant running catch. In the sixth inning wild pitching by Fallon assisted the Brooklyn nine to two unearned runs, and Valentine's bad play gave the New-Yorkers a run, the score standing at 10 to 7 in favor of the latter, greatly to the gratification of the men who had bought pools on New York. In the seventh inning errors gave the Brooklyn nine three runs, which tied the New York score. Larkin gave the Brooklyn side a single by wild pitches, and then it was that Hourigan left the field, as Smith had done twice before him; and at last the umpire, at the request of the honest minority of the teams, called the game, and, as "solejudge of fair and unfair play," he decided it a drawn contest, and all bets off—the right course to pursue in all cases where crooked work is exhibited. This ended the New York and Brooklyn picked-nine matches for the season, Manager Cammeyer refusing the use of his ground for any more such games. Managers of clubs throughout the country will do well to note the facts in all such contests, and take care to avoid engaging players concerned in crooked work.

BROOKLYN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
West, 2d b	1	1	2	1	0	Fallon, p	0	0	0	1	5
Larkin, p	0	1	0	7	1	Hankerson, 3b	2	2	0	1	1
Dunn, 1st b	1	2	10	0	1	Dover, 2d b	2	2	2	1	3
Valentine, c	2	2	5	1	5	McGlynn, c	0	2	6	1	5
Cassidy, c. f	2	1	2	0	0	Treacy, s. s	1	2	1	2	0
Smith, r. f	1	1	1	0	0	Quilty, c	0	0	2	0	0
Schenck, 3d b	1	1	0	0	4	Isherwood, 1st b	2	2	7	0	0
Redmayne, s. s	1	2	0	1	3	Ryan, c. f	1	2	0	0	1
Hourigan, r. f	1	0	1	2	0	Sullivan, l. f	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	10	10	21	10	22	Totals	10	11	20	7	16
Brooklyn	0	0	4	0	0	2	3	0	0	1	0—10
New York	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	4	0	0	1—11

First base by errors—Brooklyn, 6; New York, 6. Runs earned—New York, 2. Struck out—Fallon, 2; Dover, 1; McGlynn, 1; Larkin, 1; Smith, 2; Schenck, 1. Wild pitches—Larkin, 9; Fallon, 4. Wild throws—Redmayne, 2; McGlynn, 1; Treacy, 1; Dover, 1. Umpire, Mr. Craver of the Mutuals. Time, 1h. 50m.

MUTUAL—ALASKA.

The Alaska Club of New York—the leading semi-professional club of the metropolis—played the Mutuals (regulars) on the Union Grounds Sept. 25, and, the latter being minus the services of Mathews, who has gone home to Baltimore, they were defeated by a score of 7 to 6; not, however, without quite an interesting contest, as the score below shows, they having to play ten innings before the victory was achieved. The Mutuals went to the bat first, and gave easy chances for outs, while the Alaskas punished Phelps for three base-hits and an earned run, a bad throw home by Treacy letting in one unearned run. In the second inning the Alaska, by the poor throwing of Larkin, Dover and Hovey, gave the Mutuals two runs, not a base-hit being scored. In the third inning the Mutuals punished Larkin's pitching for two earned runs, leaving the score at 4 to 2 in favor of the Mutuals. In the fourth inning Quilty and Hankerson's base-hits led to an earned run, while a wild pitch gave a second, and in the fifth they batted well again; but an error of Nichols saved them from a blank, another wild pitch letting in a run, which tied the Mutual score. In the seventh inning a couple of base-hits and Hankerson's home-run gave the Alaskas two unearned runs; and, as the Alaskas drew a blank, the Mutuals began the eighth inning with a lead of 6 to 4. In the latter inning Hankerson came to the rescue with a three-baser, and a good hit by Hovey earned a run, and runs were made on safe hits by Larkin and Jolly off Craver in the ninth inning, who went in to pitch in Phelps' place. As the Mutuals failed to score, this tied the game, and a tenth inning had to be played. In this the Mutuals drew a blank, though Starr made a base-hit; and, as Hallinan—who had previously fielded finely—made an important error, a life was given one of the Alaskas, which, with a base-hit by Hovey, brought in the winning run. A feature of the game was Rice's fine play at first base. Two runs only were earned off Phelps' pitching.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Phelps, p	6	1	1	0	1	3	Larkin, p	5	2	3	1	1	3
Starr, 1st b	6	0	2	14	0	0	Jolly, l. f	5	1	2	1	0	1
Treacy, l. f	5	1	1	2	0	0	Dover, 2d b	5	0	2	2	5	1
Hallinan, s. s	4	1	2	0	2	8	Quilty, c	5	2	2	7	1	1
Craver, c	4	1	1	5	2	2	Hank'rs'n, 3b	5	2	3	2	1	1
Gedney, c. f	4	0	1	2	0	0	Hovey, c. f	5	1	2	1	1	1
Booth, 2d b	4	1	2	2	0	1	Treacy, s. s	5	0	0	0	3	0
Braden, r. f	4	1	1	0	0	0	Rice, 1st b	5	0	0	15	0	0
Nichols, 3d b	4	0	0	2	4	2	Dunnigan, r. f	4	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	41	6	11	30	15	10	Totals	44	7	13	30	12	8
Mutual	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—6
Alaska	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0—7

First base by errors—Mutual, 2; Alaska, 3. Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Alaska, 3. Umpire, Mr. Brennan of the Chelsea Club. Time, 2h. 5m.

RED CAP vs. CLIPPER.

There were several games in the vicinity of St. Paul, Minn., recently, but the only one worthy of extended notice was that played Sept. 22 between the Red Caps of St. Paul and Clippers of Winona. Both nines are strong ones, being almost entirely composed of professional talent, and the rivalry existing between them called forth a large crowd to witness the game. The Reds made their first tally in the third inning, scoring but one more up to the seventh. For the Clippers three runs were scored through wild throws in the third inning, and two more in the sixth by Gross' wild throw and the muffing of a fly by Driver. Through a series of errors on the part of the Clippers, the Reds made three runs in the eighth inning, tieing their opponents. From this point the playing was close and exciting, neither club scoring until the eleventh inning, when Mack made a safe hit to left centre, stole second, made his third by West's safe hit, and got home on a passed ball by Phelps, thereby winning the game for the Reds. But two safe hits were made by the Clippers, they being unable to get the hang of Bachli's curve-pitching. The game was remarkable mainly for the great number of difficult fielding chances during its progress. Prominent among the several fine plays were a running fly-catch by Lalor, clever base-running by West, and the faultless first-base playing of Gault, who stopped several very difficult balls and captured everything in sight.

RED CAPS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CLIPPER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gross, c	0	1	10	6	2	Arundal, p	1	0	1	2	1
Bachli, p	1	1	3	1	1	Phillips, c	0	0	11	5	1
Driver, l. f	0	2	0	0	2	Sullivan, l. f	0	0	1	0	0
Mack, 3d b	1	1	2	1	2	McLeod, r. f	0	1	1	0	0
Ahern, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	O'Day, 2d b	0	0	3	2	2
West, s. s	0	1	3	4	1	Walsh, 2d b	0	0	3	3	4
Gault, 1st b	0	0	15	1	0	Yale, 1st b	1	0	10	2	1
Semmers, 2d b	1	1	2	1	1	Reis, c. f	2	0	1	0	0
Allen, c. f	1	0	0	0	0	Lalor, s. s	1	0	2	2	1
Totals	6	7	35	14	9	Totals	5	2	33	14	10
Red Caps	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	1—6
Clipper	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—3

First base on errors—Red Caps, 5; Clipper, 6. Left on bases—Red Caps, 5; Clipper, 3. Two-base hits—Bachli, 1; McLeod, 1. Bases on called balls—Red Caps, 2; Clipper, 5. Passed balls—Gross, 5; Phillips, 3. Umpire, J. W. Porter of Faribault. Time, 2h. 15m.

POOL-SELLING AND BASEBALL.

While the Centennial year will long be remembered as the most brilliant season for sports in the history of the country, it will also be known as a year marked by the most numerous instances of "crooked work." In an editorial article in a recent issue of THE CLIPPER, the contestants in the rifle-shooting arena were congratulated upon the fact of their having presented us with an instance of a perfectly honest and fair contest for supremacy, unmarked by anything as an incentive in the struggle other than the earnest desire to win for the honor of victory. The great attraction to the public at large in all sports and pastimes is to see an honest contest. When this is wanting, all other elements fail to attract. Experience has unquestionably shown that the influence of pool-selling on sports generally, and on baseball in particular, has been damaging in the extreme. While this system, carried out in its integrity, is one calculated to assist in a fair management of the betting business, it unfortunately presents such facilities for knavish work as to make it too great a temptation to be resisted by those of weak moral instincts. In the ordinary course of betting business, the amount of money involved in a contest is not generally known, unless some very prominent sporting-man openly puts up his thousands on the event. But with the selling of pools it is different. In the latter case it is well known by parties interested how much money is invested in pools, and thereby a basis for fraudulent work is arrived at, and the knavish purchaser for seller of pools can know to a dollar how much he can safely pay out to buy up a contestant. For instance, a match takes place between an Eastern and a Western baseball club. The former has twice been defeated by the latter with apparent ease, and the odds are therefore large in the pool-selling on the latter. A certain player, through his friends, invests two or three thousand dollars in the purchase of pools against his own club, thereby getting large odds. To the disgust of the backers of the stronger nine, the game is lost by them in the first three innings by the misplays of one man. Through the medium of the pool-seller the knavery is rewarded by the receipt of double the amount invested, and the crooked player shares the proceeds of the swindle with his buyer. But for the pool-machine he would have no opportunity afforded to carry on his knavish work so cleverly as he does; for, when open betting outside of pools is done, the crowd become witnesses, and the game, if any be attempted, becomes known.

Some recent occurrences in metropolitan pool-selling circles plainly point the story of this article. During the Summer an expose was made through the columns of this paper of the crooked operations of a well-known pool-seller; and in the discovery of the "little game" it was stated that, in reply to the charge, he had said that "we go in for all such chances." In other words, he and others of his class were always ready to buy up players whenever or wherever they were to be found. Taking this in connection with the fact of the sale of pools on the recent contest between New York and Brooklyn, in which the latter lost, and where there were charges of alleged fraud made against some of the players, the inference is plain that, when pools are sold in such second-class games, there is something afoot which would lead to crooked play. Only last week a piece of knavish work was discovered in connection with an uptown pool establishment, in which it was found that private reports of the innings' play in a match at Chicago were received by pool-buyers, who bought on the knowledge of such reports. If "crooked" play is to be stopped in baseball circles, players must be driven away from the pool-rooms, or any connection with those who run them.

CHICAGO vs. HARTFORD.

In the game between these White Leaguers at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 20, the home nine won, as under:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b	1	1	2	4	0	Remsen, c. f	0	0	1	0	1
Allison, 3d b	1	2	3	0	0	Burdock, 2d b	0	1	3	3	1
McVey, p	1	1	0	2	0	Jones, r. f	0	1	1	2	0
Peters, s. s	0	2	0	6	0	Ferguson, 3d b	1	1	1	4	0
White, c	1	2	5	0	0	Cary, s. s	1	2	2	5	1
Hines, c. f	1	2	5	0	0	Cummings, p	1	1	0	2	0
Spalding, l. f	1	1	0	0	0	York, l. f	1	1	1	4	0
Glenn, 1st b	0	1	13	0	0	Mills, 1st b	1	4	10	0	0
Addy, r. f	1	2	2	0	2	Cassidy, r. f	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	7	15	27	13	6	Totals	6	14	27	15	1
Chicago	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—7
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Chicago, 5; Hartford, 4. Total bases on hits—Chicago, 19; Hartford, 14. Bases on errors—Chicago, 2; Hartford, 1. Left on bases—Chicago, 7; Hartford, 5. Passed ball—White, 1. Wild pitch—Cummings, 1. Umpire, M. Walsh of Louisville. Time, 2h.

Both clubs played poorly on the 27th, but the home team did better than their opponents.

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b	3	3	3	2	1	Remsen, c. f	1	3	2	4	2
Anson, 3d b	1	2	0	2	1	Burdock, 2d b	3	1	4	4	2
McVey, 1st b	2	4	12	0	0	High'n, c	1	1	5	1	0
Peters, s. s	1	3	0	4	1	Ferguson, 3d b	1	2	1	2	1
White, c	1	2	4	5	1	Cary, s. s	1	2	2	1	0
Hines, c. f	1	2	5	0	0	Cummings, p	1	1	0	3	3
Spalding, p	2	2	0	1	0	York, l. f	1	1	0	3	0
Glenn, l. f	2	2	2	0	0	Mills, 1st b	1	1	10	0	0
Addy, r. f	2	2	1	0	0	Cassidy, r. f	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	16	22	27	15	9	Totals	10	12	27	10	12
Chicago	1	3	0	2	0	2	0	7	0	8	0—16
Hartford	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—10

Runs earned—Chicago, 13; Hartford, 6. Total bases on hits—Chicago, 26; Hartford, 15. Bases on errors—Chicago, 2; Hartford, 4. Left on bases—Chicago, 8; Hartford, 7. Passed balls—Spalding, 2; Peters, 2. Passed balls—Higham, 3. Wild pitches—Spalding, 3; Cummings, 3. Umpire, M. Walsh of Louisville. Time, 2h. 30m.

LOCKPORT (N. Y.) CLUB.

Scores of games in which, on Sept. 19 and 21, respectively, the Lockport (N. Y.) Club obtained creditable victories over the Essex of Buffalo and Keystones of Erie, Pa., are given below:

LOCKPORT.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ESSEX.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wilson, l. f	0	0	0	0	0	Lynch, c	0	0	0	0	1
Hawkes, 1st b	0	2	11	0	1	Crowley, l. f	2	0	0	0	0
Moore, s. s	0	1	0	1	2	Schue, c. f	1	1	1	0	0
Bogart, 2d b	0	1	2	3	0	Jones, 2d b	1	1	2	2	0
Meckel, c	0	0	0	0	1	Booth, p	1	0	1	6	1
Hurst, r. f	1	2	0	0	0	Howard, s. s	0	0	0	1	1
Flanagan, 2d b	0	1	1	2	0	Kelly, 1st b	0	0	9	0	0
Hayes, c	1	1	5	3	2	Smith, 3d b	0	0	2	1	1
Scott, p	1	1	1	3	0	Lawless, c	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	7	10	27	12	12	Totals	5	1	27	18	13
Passed balls—Lawless, 6. Struck out—Lockport, 1; Essex, 6. Lockport, 12; Essex, 15. Base-hits—Lockport, 10; Essex, 1. Bases on errors—Lockport, 4; Essex, 7. Umpire, James Hickey, Essex B. B. C. Time, 2h.											
LOCKPORT.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	KEYSTONE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wilson, l. f	2	2	2	0	0	Tally, c	2	2	6	3	1
Hawkes, 1st b	0	0	12	0	1	Curry, 2d b	1	2	0	1	1
Skelley, s. s	1	1	1	2	3	Fisher, 3d b	0	1	4	4	2
Snyder, c	2	2	2	2	0	Phillips, 1st b	0	2	13	0	0
Heckel, c. f	0	1	2	0	0	Pfeffer, c	1	0	10	0	1
Hurst, r. f	0	1	1	0	0	Smiley, s. s	0	2	0	2	0
Flanagan, 2d b	0	1	2	3	0	Sweeny, l. f	0	1	2	0	0
Hayes, c	0	1	5	3	1	Gallagher, p	0	0	0	1	1
Scott, p	0	0	0	4	3	Kenney, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	8	27	18	12	Totals	5	11	27	12	6
Lockport	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—4
Keystone	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Passed ball—Keystone, 1. Errors—Lockport, 12; Keystone, 6. Double-play—Lockport, 1. Runs earned—Lockport, 4; Keystone, 1. Struck out—Lockport, 8; Keystone, 11. Total bases—Lockport, 11; Keystone, 14. Bases on errors—Lockport, 4; Keystone, 10. Struck out—Lockport, 1; Keystone, 2. Home-run—Wilson, 1. Umpire, James L. Hickey, Essex B. B. C. Time, 1h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. CINCINNATI.

Though at the close of the eighth inning of the contest between these clubs at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 27, the score was a tie, the game was won by the Bostons, who, in the final inning, blanked their antagonists and netted two themselves.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s	0	0	3	5	1	Pearson, r. f	0	1	1	0	0
Leonard, l. f	0	2	3	0	0	Booth, 3d b	0	1	0	2	0
O'Rourke, c. f	1	2	1	0	0	Jones, c. f	1	1	2	0	0
Murnan, 1st b	0	1	12	0	0	Gould, 1st b	0	2	13	1	1
Morrill, 2d b	0	1	2	4	2	Kessler, s. s	0	0	2	4	0
Manning, r. f	0	1	2	0	0	Foley, c	0	0	5	0	3
Brown, c	0	1	2	5	0	Sweazy, 2d b	0	0	1	6	0
Schafer, 3d b	1	2	0	3	0	Dean, p	0	0	0	0	0
Bradley, p	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, r. f	0	0	2	0	1
Totals	5	11	27	12	6	Totals	0	3	7	27	13	5
Boston	0	0	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 8 P.M., MONDAY, Oct. 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Aimee, Mlle.
Alexander, Laura
Ashton, Mrs. S. G. (2)
Adams, Lucille
Alfredo, Emma
Atkins, Maude
Bent, Belle
Brennan, Emmaze
Brascombe, Maude
Belmont, Miss L. (gymnast) 5c.
Boyd, Jessie
Bergert, Della
Barry, Mrs. Virginia
Bloom's Comb., Dora
Blande, Edith (2)
Carter, Rosa
Crabtree, Lotta
Capson, Mrs. Bertie
Conand, Leona
Cannaera, Marie
Davis, Laura
Doyle, Minnie
Eytinge, Rose
Freeman, Sisters
Fiske, May
Franklin, Louise (balladist)
Glassford, Eliza
Gregory, Mary A.
Geraldine, Millie.
Gleason, Alice
Gonzales, Frankie
Gray, Minnie Oa.
Harrison, Miss H. (2)
Harman, Lizzie (actress)
Howard, Jessie
Herrmann, Mrs. Alex. (2)
Haslam, Hulda
Hughes, Jennie
Hasson, Sadie
Irwin Sisters
Kurtz, Nellie
Lawson, Mrs. ("Marionette")
Laurent, Edna
La Point, Lottie (Canecuse)
Lynwood, Ada
La Verdie Sisters
Lloyd, Rose
La Claire, Mattie
La Point, Mrs. J.
Le Brun, Marie
Lindsey, Jenny
Montague, Miss F. S.
Misco, Jennie
Marky, Lizzie
McDonalde, Mrs. (late of Philadel.)
Morris, Hattie (2)
McCabe, Maggie
Murphy, Mrs. M. J.
Mulvey, Lizzie
Martyn, Mrs. Millie E.
May, Etta
McCaslin, Mrs. Nellie
Minnetta, Emma
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Myers, Maggie
Neville, Emma J.
Plunkett, Viola
Putnam, Katie Se.
Parker, Lizzie (of Park. Sisters) (2)
Phillips, Annie
Parker, Georgie (2)
Quigley, Jennie
Rowe, Mrs. M. E.
Rowell, Kittie
Renfrone, I. N.
Robinson, Marion
Robeson, Eva
St. Felix, Madam
Saroney, Ida (late of Canada)
Sothburne, Marie
St. Felix, Clementine
Trow Brock, May
Valade, Fannie
Valdis, Mrs. Louisa (2)
Wentworth, Lu-lu
Walters, Nellie
Wentworth, Lottie
Warren, Marie
Wren, Martha
West, Lillie
Wood, Aggie
Whiland, Kittie (vocalist)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ashton, S. G.
Ainsley, "Red" & Willie
Arizona, Chas. (2)
Adkins, Chas. M. (3)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Allsop, P. S.
Austin, Chas. (of "Merry Austins")
Alford, Tom
Allyne, T. J. (show "biz")
Almonte, Chas.
Austin, "Dick"
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Barlow Bros.
Blaze, A. B. (actor)
Bliss, Chas.
Brunnan, Emile
Byng, Ernest
Brault, Louis
Breen, T. J.
Barksdale, F. C.
Byron, C. Doud
Blood, Barry (banjoist)
Bryant & Williams
Bradshaw, G. W. (with De Barr Bros)
Bennett, Harry
Burton, "Will" C.
Bagley, Wm.
Benford, Sam'l
Bidwell, Frank
Blaisdell, W. B.
"Brass Band Dicrector"
Brown, F. (of Breyer's Co.)
Barnhett, Jno.
Bryant, Wm. (of Bryant & Williams)
Balwind, J. (of Robson's & Bro.)
Bertan & White
Baker, "Ben"
Bliss, Francois R. (2)
Brahama, The
Bray, W. H.
Cuthbert, Chas.
Cordova, Harry
Case, Wm. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Cook & Lagniley
Crawford, J. S.
Cole, W. W.
Combach, C. W.
Collier, A. (of Shook & Palmer's Co.)
Cottrell, Frank G. 5c.
Cameron, "Jim" (circus "biz") 5c.
Crossville, J. A.
Crim, Chas.
Cowan, Wm. H. A.
Campbell, J. K.
Chamberlain, Follow
Cruzen, C. J.
Cole, "Lew"
"C. B."
Colwell, Jr., M.
Crossley & Elder
Clinton, H.
Coleman, W. B. 6c.
Cushing, J. (of Howes & Cushing)
Dunlap, Frank
Carle, Jno. (banjoist)
Clark, Ed. & "Lew"
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Cowles, M. B.
Carpel, Chas. H.
Cottrell, John
Cook, Jas. (presid. "R. B. A.")
Carr Family, The
Coleman, J. (of Jam. Col. & Mead's Co.)
Chapin, Chas. W.
Davis, C. L.
Duncan, John
Daly, W.
Dodge, "Ben"
De Wolf, Chas.
Dinsmore, L.
Delmore & Drake, Chas.
De Witt, Emilian
Davis, Wm. H.
Drake, S. A.
Dunn, Matt. H.
Deem, B. S.
Dupuis & Lawrence
Dobson, Mr. (banjoist)
Doyle, Geo. (gift-show "biz")
De Lawer, Chas.
Doud, Oliver
Donnelly, Wm. H.
Davis, C. H. (of London Diver)
Duprez, Chas. H. (2)
De Haven, Claude (2)
Davis, C. Hamilton
De Montague, E. ("fire king")
Dixon, F. (of Holman's Op. Co.)
Diboio, ——— ("fire-demon")
Daly, F. (late of Mc-Cons. Co.)
Edwards, Frank
Edwards, C. (mins. "biz") (2).
Engle, John
Emerson, "Billy" Jr.
Elliott, C. B.
Fabra, Sig.
Fernet, Dedier
Foley, T. (of Howes & Cushing's Cir.)
Flynn, Joe
Fish, "Tommy" (cornetist) (2)
Freeman, Edward
French, J. M. 6c.
Frazer, Harry
Findull, J. M. 10c.
Farrell, John
Freeman, Ed. H.
Foster, Hernandez
Fitch, Chas. H.
Freire, A. W. 10c.
Fielding, ——— (of "The Fieldings")
Faustin, M.
Fritz, Edwin
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Glenn, Robt.
Gregory, C. J. (barrel "biz")
Garland, Jos. (musician)
Guillette, John
Graham, Chas.
Gaines, W. G.
Ginty, Thos. E.
Gardner, J. W.
Green, Robt. J.
Giesey, Harry (agent)
Giddens, Geo. 5c.
Garrett, W. (2)
Goulding, J.
Gurr, Harry
Girvin, Wm. B. (2)
Griffin, "Mike"
Grau, Maurice 4c.
Girard, Edgar
Ginaing, Geo. H.
Hobson, Frank
Hall, J. Clinton
Harris, D. H.
Hurit, H. H.
Howard, Bronson
Hickey, John
Harris, Wm.
Howard, Geo. W.
Hogan, Jas. F.
Hawkins, Chas. B.
Hickey, Jno, (of Howe's Cir.)
Hodges & Thompson
Holt, N. H.
Howson, Frank
Hodges, Thos. 5c.
Hurley, Jos.
Hengler, T. M.
Howard, T. C. (musician)
Hindle & Grienor (2)
Hayle & Hayne
Haggod, A. (musician)
Harrigan, E.
Heiglit, Chas. H.
Hosmer, Harry B. (2) 15c.
Hudson, Geo. B.
Haverly, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Hughes, "Dan" H. (equestrian)
Jackson, Jas. (musician)
Jackson, Thos.
Jeffries, J. J.
Johnson, B. (of Howe Cir.)
Jones, S. (of Callender's Minst.)
Johnson, Thos.
Jones, Jno.
Jones, Bobt.
Kinkle, "Dan" (violinist)
Kine, J. (of Kine Bros.)
Kendrick, Thos. J.
Kinney, J.
Keller, F. L.
King, R. H.
Kright, Fred. W.
Killien, Michl.
Kyle, John
Ketchem, G. F.
Kenyon, Chas.
Kinslee, "Joe" (leader) 6c.
Lillienthal, Louis
Luca, A. J.
Levy, J. (cornetist)
Livingston, Johnston
Levantine, F. F.
Lowande, Martino
Leader, C.
Leona, a, Jos.
Leonard, Jos. A.
Lakeman, Jno. H.
La Fong, Chas.
Lent, C. M.
Lind, Karl
Sparth, Harry E. (late of Indianapolis)
Ludovic, Prof.
Lee, Solomon
Lawton, A. (of N. O. Minst.) (2)
Langlois, Felix
Leopold, Jno. S. 5c.
Lineback, Harry
Adams & Lee)
Lawrence, Jno.
Lee, Frank (of Robbins & Cir.)
Mohney, Mack J. P.
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Morris, Wm. (of Georgia Minst.)
Morton, Jos. (late Mgr. of Philadelphia)
Martella, "Lew"
Maffit, John
Mayo-Kamb, Agent or Manager
Maeder, Frank C.
Moore, L. B.
McCownes, H.
Mages, John
McWade, Robt.
Miller, Wm. (2)
Miron, N.
Moore, "Eddie"
McCracken, "Billy"
Mack, J. H. (of Aiken's Co.)
Moore, Thos. W.
Magee, Jno. musician)
Macauley, B.
Morey, Henry
Marble, Ed.
Maryon, Theophilus
Monta, Ed.
Murray, B. S.
Morey, Neil
Miaco, Wm.
Moulton, Jas. G.
Martin, Harry & Minnie
McGill, W. (of McGill & Strong)
Nichols, Prof. T. W. (2)
Noble, Warren
Noyes, Frank
Nutt, Commodore
Nixon, N.
Newcombe, ——— "Bobby"
Newell, U. D. (2)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Nichols, Horace
Orange, G. M.
O'Keefe, Wm. C. 5c.
O'Reardon, Matt.
Ogden, J. F.
Osborne, Harry
Ormision, Master (ventriloquist)
Parsons, Ed
Parisian Varieties, Manag. of
Parry, Chas. M.
Pelle, Jos.
Palmer, Daniel
Peck, A. D.
Peck, S. G.
Pixley, Jno. H.
Phillips, S. E.
Price, J. H.
Powers, J. H.
Pilot, F. J.
Pope, W. H. (reader, etc.)
Parker, "Sam"
Patten, E. B.
Pratt, Chas. H.
Poe, J. Reese
Pickett, Willis
Pheiie, Jno. W.
Ryan, S. E.
Rowe, Fred
Runnett, J. A.
Rowe, G. F.
Richards, Wm.
Roberts, "Nick"
Rankin, McKee
Robinson, W. J. (musician)
Remiprone, I. N.
Reilly, Jno. (p. o. mark London, Eng.)
Reed, Sully (of "Nat. Roy." Co.) (2)
Reynolds Bros.
Robertson, Jas.
Roshr, Geo.
Rooney, "Pat"
Richards, ——— (can'on-ball "biz")
Roe, H. W.
Scully & Barry
Schuman, W. H. (agent)
Slate, Harry
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Sourley, John
Shields, J. H.
Shepard, G. Burt.
Spriga, Chas.
Stackhouse, Harry
Sanyeah, Saml.
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Sinn, Col. W. E. 15c.
Smith, S. F.
Sothern, E. A.
Stone, Harry
Schneider, C. L.
Simpson, ——— (can'y "biz")
Spears, J. A.
Schoefel, J. B.
Stuttz, J. G.
Sutherland, W. R.
Stanwood, H. (banjoist)
Smith, Shirley
Slavin's Jubilee Singers
Showles, W. (of Castello's Cir.)
Schofield, P. S.
Sherwood, Wm. O.
Sheridan, W. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Sanford, J. Sanford & Wilson)
Simmons, Geo. W.
Sargent, H. J.
Stetson, M. C.
Stnebgen, Prof. F.
Sinclair, Harry
Sparks, Harry E.
Sibley, W. E.
Thompson, John (2)
Thorne, H.
Wolhalls, Jno.
Wells, Chas. B.
Wells, Harry C.
Wagner, "Col."
White, Judd. R.
Witherbee, Lee
Worden, Ben
Wachtel, Herr
Worden & Mack
Washburn, Leon
Welling, W. H.
Ware, Geo.
Walters, Claude
Warner, J. S.
Wright, H. O.
Weiss, Otto
Whitmore, W. S.
Welhalls Bros.
White, Master Willie
Williams & Powers (2)
Westandorf, R. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Walston, E. C. (pianist)
Wallack or R. J. Rider (2)
Wiley, "Watty"
Wickwire, Irwin M.
Waite, Geo. (late of Cincinnati)
Washburn, "Will"
Wiggins, Mr. (of Bernard, Mich.)
Williams, "Billy" (of "Blk. Cr." Co.)
William, Prof. Bobby (of Bryant & Wil.)
Whitman, Mr. (of Wyman's Co.)
Wiggins, T. A. (wizard)
Ward, W. H. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Wentworth, W.
Walsh, Geo. W.
Washburn, E. S.
Wood, Fred.
Watkins, D. P.
Wyland, Jno.
Worland, ——— "Don" (of Howe's Cir.)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 2, '76.

October comes in like a clean-shaved lamb, with the crisp breezes tempered accordingly. We like this month, because, unlike its illustrious predecessor, there is some sort of stability about it, and because mosquitoes cease from troubling, and the weary soul finds rest. Our welcome guests are still favoring us with their company, taking in the many sights which are to be seen nowhere outside of the metropolis. They rise with the prolific sparrow, they breakfast with the wide-awake lark, and they perambulate our streets while those who are "to the manor born" peacefully slumber the early hours away. They seem to have just realized the fact that New York is a live city, that its amusements are "dead to rights," and that its business interests are in the custody of men entirely great. But of all the shows provided for the entertainment of our rural friends, the ballet would seem to possess the greatest attraction for them. They never tire of it, but hold their breath while the dancers are on; and, when the curtain goes down on a scene of wild excitement, they discuss the problem whether the girls have tights on or not. It's worth the price of admission to have the precious privilege of seeing and hearing our country cousins at the theatre.....And just here we might incidentally observe that Mr. Daly's new play has been *warmly* received, notwithstanding there's "*Snow ballet*" in it. In the prophetic words of an ancient warrior, we would exclaim:

"Life! let us cherish!"

.....While professional politicians are kept busy "nailing lies to the counter," and branding another calumny as a weak device of the enemy, how sweet it is to turn from such willful perversions of the truth, and gaze upon the good side of human nature. Hereabouts it has become the custom to look with scorn upon our circus friends, to call them vicious strollers, and so forth. But truth can no more hide its light under a bushel-measure than you, dear reader, can recklessly pass by a new half-dollar without asking wherefore it "sardeth the lean earth." The effort making to take from Mr. Ahrel Smith his little acrobats has developed the fact that the circus is a *moral* institution; for it is given in evidence by Mr. Murray, manager of the circus bearing his name, that the boys are *good* boys, that they frequently go to church, *and sing Moody and Sankey hymns!* Thus is another base falsehood clinched.....Were one author to do nothing solely upon their individual talents to evolve new plays out of their own heads, the public would whistle them down the wind, as it were; but when they make a hash out of the old victuals, enlivening the dish with a little spice of their own compounding, with legs running through it ad lib., then the people swallow the mess, and cry for more. And so, in the spectacle of to-day we see much to remind us of the spectacle of our boyhood days—both having their "cobbler" as a *bête noir*.....And why," said Dobbins as he seasoned a favorite dish, "is this like Queen Victoria? Because it's *egg salted!*" All rights reserved.....Fall flowers are fading fast; and soon there will be but the sweet memory of Summer's loveliness. The balm of a thousand flowers will fill the air no more with its fragrance, and the wild woods echoes will tell the sad tale of their desolation.

FLOWERS.

Fair harbingers of Fall was a beauteous reign,
From these we part with pain.
Jimmy, finish this while we go to lunch.]
The sunflower's best.

An I would further remark that, *call a flower* by any *other* name it's just as sweet.—JIM.].....It now transpires that Mlle. Albani is *not* to marry the son of a London operatic manager. Many accepted the report as *Earnest*, but it was all a *Gay* (Lo-*pisanico*—Rumor, with its thousand tongues, said Albani was to be united in the bonds to Earnest, son of the well-known empressario Gye.—ED.].....

The Two Men of Sandy *Bar*" have shook Sheridan Shook's temple of the *drama*-s, and gone hence. And thus these *two off*-ums give place to other "*Pee Orphans*." [Thank you, friends, but owing to the length of the programme no act can be repeated.—ED.].....James, what is this we have heard about you trying to supplant an actor at the Theatre Comique? "I didn't do it—it's *another* lie nailed to the counter!" But Colonel Tony Hart says that you sought to join his 69th Regiment as a high private; but as the ranks were full—"That's time"—you tried to bribe the Colonel to dismiss the little colored boy that carries the target, and take you in his place. "No man isn't free from calumnies while a 'lection campaign is goin' on; I brand it as another income-tax lie!" But Mart Hanley corroborates what Tony Hart says, and furthermore states that you declared with much warmth that no little nigger boy ought to be allowed to amalgamate with white boys. This is an attempt, on your part, to violate the fifteenth amendment. "I violate no fifteenth commandment. What do I keer for the nigger boy? What I did offer was this, to begin at the lower round of the ladder and work me way up. This is the extent of me offending." Well, let there be no more of it, and try to work your way up where you are.....Our heart is filled with pain once more. Why? A St. Louis paper has just learned that Governor Hayes never *visited a theatre!* How unfortunate for him! Half his life gone, and never inside a theatre! But when a man spends his nights at political caucuses, making slates, and parceling out prospective offices, is it any wonder that he has no time for innocent amusement? Now, we take no sides in this Presidential campaign—we are *de fence*, like many others, and mean no *of fense* by this; we are "neutral, but independent;" yet we ask you, fellow-citizens, whether a man who has never visited a theatre is fit to be President of this glorious confederation of States? What says the poet?

"All work and no *play* makes Jack a dull boy."

Before going any further, we shall pause to hear what Mr. Hayes has to say about it. Perhaps he has been foully wronged—maybe this report is the forlorn hope of a lost cause. We rest our case for the present.....May all the "Clouds" that lower o'er our city in the environs of the Park be buried. This is only a little bit of pleasantry. But, seriously, will "*Clouds*" be fruitful of a long *reign* at that house?.....See here! Bartolommeo Cristofori of Padua was the inventor of the pianoforte, according to the Italians. And yet he is the only man who didn't get first premium in the Centennial award. Are we a nation of freemen, or has all humanity in the breasts of the Commissioners perished from off the face of the earth?.....The dramatic incidents connected with the escape, fight, and capture of Tweed are beginning to enlist the attention of our playwrights, and if William is not soon worked up into a grand spectacle it will not be *their* fault. Jimmy, is she in trim for a little poetry about "Big Six?" Is she well greased? "No lawyer was ever better greased." Turn her. "Beside, do you mean it?" No, the other machine. "Well, be sure of it, I have engaged little Mary Newton to touch it off."

THE COMING MAN.

When erst sweet William ruled the roast,
And thin men lived in dover,
He rocked not that fair Cuba's coast
Should *some* day be his cover;
But when from Cesner's grasp he fled,
"To Cuba," cried he, "go!"
The isle proved most too warm. He said:
"I think I'll sail for Vigo."
Alas! the boards were on his track,
With Judge of Sight and Brain, O!
They laid him flat upon his back
On the treacherous coast of Spain, O!
The Franklin o'er the ocean's crest
Bears long the lost Twid Adum Dime,
She's a-trying to do her level best
To get here before the election campaign is ended, so that he can vote.

[Hold hard, Jimmy; she's off *her centre*. "Hard aport it is sir; shiver me tarry eyes. Will you have *her sent* along again?" No, let the voyage end.]

But won't we have a jolly time
When Tweed gets back from Spain?

.....A party by the name of Commandeur Cazeneuve has just dropped down among us. He is a magician, but made a mistake in supposing that this city is made up of Frenchmen. Being unable to speak the United States language, he did not succeed in impressing the audience favorably in his opening seance; but it is said that his remarks hereafter are to be translated. Wouldn't it be better if the Commandeur himself were translated?.....Now here is a go—two hundred real colored persons on the stage of the Grand Opera-house, in addition to "the full strength of the company." My! my! We are giving our theatrical performances in realistic style, sure enough. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to take 'em all in.....We are sorry to hear that Benson Sherwood, director at Niblo's, is in financial difficulties, and seeks the aid of the bankrupt-act to ease him of his pain. Why closed the entertainment at the Olympic Theatre? A magic talisman, and rub off his indebtedness without any further trouble? Surely Eliza would not refuse to loan it to him.....Now, then, let the revels go on without impediment, for Tony Pastor is on his native heath again, *flush*-ed with the triumphs of his late campaign. And here we would stop for one moment to remark that, by addition to all his *old* favorites, Tony has got a *Newman*. To add still more to the *richness* of his troupe, the undaunted Antoninus glories in the aid of a *Girard*. Shade of the departed—"Come back Stephen." Now, don't mistake the Metropolitan Hotel for Tony's place, which is on the west side of Broadway [—.....Friends of Ireland, have you forgotten that Col. Sheil Henderson is at the Bowery Theatre? Awake, arise, or be forever fallen, so to speak; take in "Tullamore" at once, and don't wait *till a more* fitting opportunity. Let the Old Dart be *filled* with Irish teams.....Perhaps it may have escaped the notice of the fair "Lurline Water Queen" is at the Olympic. And *what a Queen* she is, too; eating and drinking in the water like a fish. *Postscript.*—Should you desire to send word to your mother-in-law *not* to wait up for you, a reliable *Messenger* may be found at the Olympic. This is a worthy institution.....Talking of time and its importance, calls up the curious manner in which the Jim Boy figures things. It's easier to write poetry than prose, so we'll put it in verse:

HAPPY MOMENTS!

"What's the time?" "It's a quarter of ten," said Jim.
"You're telling us false," we said to him.
"Two fifty is what the clock said then."
"Well, aint *two-fifty a quarter of ten?*"
Now, Barnum opens his great show next week, let him have his animals properly labeled for the benefit of the stranger in the city, and then the sacred bull of Bashan may not be mistaken for an unsacred elephant!.....Talking about elephants, reminds us of an elephant (Parker) who died in Central Park last Friday night, aged 35. He is credited with killing three men and a boy, and eating them. Now, being thus stuffed while living, we should see that he is stuffed when dead. Likewise, as monuments are all the go, one should be erected to his memory.....We see "False *Lights*" is offered for the entertainment of our friends of the Olympic. Being a good *liver* himself, Manager Sinn shows a good deal of *pluck* in offering his patrons "*False* Lights." This is only a comical conceit—the play is nautical, and must be viewed in that light alone.—ED.].....While the run for the mighty dollar continues, Barney Williams' bank at 4 Wallack's for the same, came to an end last Saturday night.....Is it a mark of gal-lantry to call a *young* actress an *old* favorite? And yet this is done every day. Is life but a blank, after all?.....It may surprise some people to learn that Clifton Tayleure, author of "Parted," has a play pertaining your feelings, friends; we *should* have said that they have "Parted," which is the title of their new play.....We think this is true, but you can believe it or not, just as you choose: The lion that recently got away from Forepaugh's show in Cincinnati revisited the old quarters, allured by the blandishments of a tender lion steak. This shows that good victuals exert a like influence on *all* kinds of animals.....Theodore Tilton doesn't travel on that route any more, for fear of ghosts, the Woods being full of 'em. To pursue his lecture course, he takes another course.....It is *here* out that Maggie Mitchell's new play "Mignon" is by *Mr. Rankin*, and it is thought it will bring people to *tiers*. "Maybe, if you don't stop right here, *you'll* bring our readers to tears, too." Are they full up-stairs, Jimmy? "Too full for utterance." Then we'll close the connection. "Good pop—keno."

CITY SUMMARY.

A DANCER ROBBED.—The room in a boarding-house, No. 106 Clinton place, occupied by Caroline Ambrogetti, one of the dancers engaged in Booth's Theatre, was entered on Sept. 11, and jewelry, consisting of three gold medalions, one necklace, and a diamond and turquoise ring, in all valued at $300, was stolen. The keeper of the boarding-house employed a private detective to work up the case, and suspicion fastened upon a young man named Brennes, who boarded in the house. In the pocket of one of his vests a pawn-ticket for the ring, which had been pawned in Bleecker street, was found. Brennes was finally made to confess that he was the thief, and that he had sold the property, save the necklace, to the keeper of a cigar store on Broadway for $50. Brennes was arraigned at the Washington-place Court on Friday last, where he pleaded guilty, and he was committed in default of $2,000 bail.

GILMORE'S BAND gave the 150th performance of the season at Gilmore's Concert Garden on Saturday night, the occasion being the benefit of P. S. Gilmore. An extraordinary programme was presented, the artists taking part, exclusive of the band, including Mmes. Pappenheim and De Ryther, Miss Lillian B. Norton, Messrs. Levy and Arbuckle, the New York Choral Union and the Young Apollo Club. The closing concert of the season occurs tonight, Oct. 2, and the garden during the present week will be transformed into a circus, which will open under the management of P. T. Barnum Oct. 9.

MISS FANNY L. BURT, Frank Lewis and Quilter and Goldrich were the reinforcements to the company at the Theatre Comique on Sept. 25. Miss Burt acted in a satisfactory manner the character of Mrs. Dupuis in the farce of "The Secret," performed under the name of "That Rascal Tom." Frank Lewis, a pretty vocalist, sang several original songs of his own composition, which were received with signal favor. The latter has a searching tenor voice of good compass, and well under control, a quite distinct enunciation, and his address and bearing are pleasing. He has been before the public but a very short time, yet his success is pronounced. Quilter and Goldrich, who reappeared after a brief absence, gave a funny act entitled "Ordinary Conversation." Harrigan and Hart appeared in a new sketch called "The Italian Ballet-master," which afforded a deal of mirthful amusement. Billy Carter sang a new banjo song entitled "Duck-foot Sue," which at once attained popularity, and songs by the Misses Eloise Allen and Alice Bennett, "The International Rifle-match," songs-and-dances by Johnson and Bruno, and the extravaganza of "Down Broadway" filled out the bill. The attendance was large.

BENSEN SHERWOOD, the director of Niblo's Garden, filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy Sept. 29. His schedule gives the names of thirty creditors, to whom he is owed in the sum of $7,700. His sole assets consist of clothing valued at $75.

DEATH OF OLD PARKER.—A large and famous African lion, known as Old Parker, died in the Central Park Menagerie on Friday night last. He was captured, it is said, when four months old, near the walls of Oran, by Schulet, one of the agents of the London, Eng., Zoological Garden. He was first exhibited in feats in Cook's Circus, London, in 1859, and on the occasion of the second night's performances he killed his trainer, W. C. Rockwell. Shortly after this he killed another trainer—Robert Stuart, in Glasgow, Scotland, and subsequently he badly mangled a man in one of the provincial towns of England. Parker was brought to this country by Sands, Nathan & Co., and after a few performances he killed Miss Hardy. He afterwards became the property of P. T. Barnum, and finally of the Park Commissioners.

"LIZE."—At the Fifth-avenue Theatre "Money" was withdrawn from the stage after the performances of Monday evening, Sept. 25. Augustin Daly's new piece, entitled "Life, a Comedy of City Types," was announced for production on Tuesday; but it was decided to close the theatre that night, in order that the piece might have further rehearsal, and its first performance took place on Wednesday night, Sept. 27, with the following cast:

CHARACTERS OF REALITY.

Schuyler Samples.....C. F. Coghlan
Pony Mutuel.....James Lewis
Mr. Lynn Lessurely.....Charles Fisher
Frank Dodge.....H. Barrymore
Harry Gresham.....Geo. Parkes
Nosen Pokiss.....W. Davidge
Mrs. Masham Mallory.....Mrs. Brown Potter
Miss Amy Fawsitt.....Miss Rose Eytinge

CHARACTERS OF FAIRYLAND.

Mr. Chumley Clevert.....John Brougham
Signor Oleri.....Frank Bennett
Tradita.....J. H. Ring
Lord Loomax.....I. Daveau

In plot and incident it is the prototype of "The Great Divorce Case" (which was first acted in the Criterion Theatre, London, Eng., April 15 last, and a full description of which was published in THE CLIPPER dated May 13), save that an original act, the third, has been added. The names of all the characters have been changed, and the place of action has been transferred to this city. The scenery with which it was mounted was entirely new, and from the pencils of James Roberts, C. W. Witham, Matt Morgan and Mr. Fawcitt. All of it was appropriate, and much of it gorgeous. That used in the first and fourth acts represented a library in the residence of Schuyler Samples; in the second act the Japanese room of Mrs. Masham Mallory's suite, in the French flats known as the Devonshire, the furniture and appointments of which were rich and beautiful. The first scene of the third act represented Signorina Samiti's parlors in the Devonshire, with a number of the characters enjoying a banquet; the second scene depicted the stage of the Shakespeare Theatre, behind the curtain, with the rehearsal of the grand ballet of "Belshazzar" in progress. The dialogue and action of this scene were an inoffensive burlesque of a rehearsal of the ballet in "Sardanapalus" at Booth's Theatre. John Brougham gave a clever caricature of Charles Calvert, and Frank Bennett was made up in so close an imitation of Sig. Mascagno that he received several distinct rounds of applause from the audience. There were a number of persons, both male and female, and a number of boys, all costumed precisely like those seen in "Sardanapalus," and who burlesqued certain movements in that spectacle; the third scene, after the rising of the green curtain at the rear of the stage, presented a painted view of the interior of Booth's Theatre at the time of a performance. The members of the band were seen in their accustomed places, and a person made up to closely resemble Sig. Operti occupied the conductor's seat. James Lewis, attired in semblance of Mlle. Bartoletti, then caricatured that lady's style of dancing, eliciting shouts of laughter and loud and long-continued applause. A scene representing a placid lake, overhung with drooping foliage, as seen by moonlight, was lowered in lieu of the act-drop, and, after a very brief interval, it was raised, disclosing a grotto, which was a marvel of distemper painting. The effect produced was that the entire stage was within a cavern of ice and snow. Here was introduced "The Pas de Ballet," Mlle. Schilke as the Spirit of the Snow and twelve coryphees executed a number of difficult and graceful movements, while the atmosphere of the stage was filled with falling snowflakes, which reflected the hues of many-colored rays from calcium lights. As Mlle. Bonfanti, in the character of the spirit of the Sun, rose from beneath the stage on a gorgeously tinted car the storm ceased and warmer lights shed their rays upon the mimic scene. Mlles. Bonfanti and Schilke danced a number of solos, many of their movements eliciting applause; and these were relieved at intervals by the dancing of the coryphees. After the ballet a transformation scene was displayed. Piece by piece the scenery representing the ice and snow disappeared by means of various mechanical contrivances, and at last the entire stage appeared one mass of rich and glittering colors. It is one of the most effective transformation scenes that have graced the local stage, being chaste in design and reflecting great credit upon the artist—Mr. Roberts—by whom it was executed. The piece terminates in the same apartments in which it opened. Strictly speaking, it should be classified as a four-act farce, having a tendency at times to extravaganza. That it is both amusing and entertaining is proven by the fact that it enchained the attention of the spectators until the fall of the curtain, which did not take place, at the initial performance, until some time after midnight. That, after some pruning and compression of the disolgue, it will become decidedly successful we do not hesitate to predict. It possesses abundant food for mirth, is filled with charming surprises, and its good points follow each other so rapidly that the spectator has little time to reflect upon its weaknesses. The acting throughout was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Coughan, upon whose shoulders as Schuyler Samples the weight of the piece rested, by his admirable reading and conception of which a description is given. Willis Cobb, with his school of educated dogs, performing monkeys and goats, and Wash Norton in his character changes, he is also prepared to arrange time for.

GEORGE KNIGHT, who is playing in the Alhambra Palace, Philadelphia, Pa., paid the city a flying visit on Sunday last.

COL. THOMAS S. HENDERSON is to act this week in his drama of "Tullamore, or the Boys of '98," at the Bowery Theatre.

MISS ISABELLA MONZERT of the Monzert Sisters was married to Walter C. Robson Oct. 1 by the Rev. J. F. Searles.

MRS. OATES' Comic-opera Company presented Lecocq's "Girofle-Girofla" at the Grand Opera-house during the week, with the exception of Friday evening, Mrs. Oates' benefit, when Offenbach's "Gr-nd Duchess" formed the bill for the matinee, when a repetition was given to "The Princess of Trebizonde." The company deserve especial credit for the capital rendition given to Lecocq's opera, Mrs. Oates in the role of the twin sisters meriting hearty approval for her vivacious acting and the clever impersonation given to the character of the dual character. Her vocalization was particularly good in this part, and with the excellent support given her by the company, including C. H. Drew as Marasquin, John Howson as Bolen, G. F. Hall as Mourzouk, Mrs. H. Chapman as Aurore, Miss Rose Temple as Paquita, and H. Lucien as Pedro, the opera, which afforded a good test of the capabilities of the troupe, was presented in a most effective and successful manner. The company has done exceedingly well in the several works presented at this house during their engagement, which terminates on Saturday night, and the representations have made noticeable the fact that their interpretations of the characters of Anglicized opera-bouffe have the merit of being free from the peculiar suggestiveness of the original, while they retain the comic and eccentric features of the roles, the clever development of which by the leading artists presents performances of bouffe music and action fully deserving approval. The company open in Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2.

GEORGE LESLIE, a tenor who returns to the stage after a long absence, and J. O. Herbert, likewise a tenor, who is said to possess a phenomenal voice, are to reinforce Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Company Oct. 2.

LURLINE the Water Queen, Nat. C. Goodwin Jr., Blanche Selwyn, Ben Gilfoil, Frank Gibbons, Blanche Correlli, and James Messenger are the new people this week at the Olympic Novelty Theatre.

DREAMLAND, Miss Lizzie Mulvey, Miss Ella Martin and John Williams are to be added to the attractions at the Theatre Comique Oct. 2.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM Augustin Daly's play entitled "A Flash of Lightning" will constitute the attraction at all of the performances this week.

MR. and MRS. CRABTREE and Master Crabtree arrived from England in the steamship Egypt Oct. 1.

LEONA DARE, trapeze performer, shortly goes to France to fulfill professional engagements.

DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1876, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent not receiving any reply are politely requested to consider that their application is declined. No charge will be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENTS, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

LITTLE BARTIE SCANLAN was drowned in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 21. He was a son of Mrs. Annie Scanlan, an actress well known in the South and West, and was nine years of age. After his breakfast on the morning of that day, he went out with other little boys to play. Together they went to the river, and while playing in a canoe he fell into the water and was drowned. His companions were afraid to tell anyone of the accident, and during six days his agonized mother and friends searched for him, thinking him to be lost, until his body was found in the river, some miles below the spot where he fell into the water. He had played many children's parts with Joseph Jefferson, Miss Katie Putnam and others. He was a bright, intelligent, handsome boy, and had made quite a hit in acting Willie in "East Lynne," which character had been elaborated for him.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE BARTIE SCANLAN.

I miss that smiling face so fair,
With eyes of blue and tiaxen hair—
Those eyes into mine softly peeping.
I long to feel the fervent kiss
That filled my heart with hopeful bliss
From half-closed lips, now sleeping.

Wings of purest, peerless white,
Washed home this spirit bright.
When I, of Death ne'er dreaming,
Sought my "lost one" everywhere,
Mad with thoughts of wild despair,
Burning tears fast teeming.

But my Bartie sank to sleep
On the bosom of the deep,
The dark, the woeful river;
And the angels came with listening ear,
And rowed him to the mystic shore,
Where death doth enter—never.

When the sunlight went to rest,
Leaving kisses on his breast,
We laid him in the clay;
And angels now sweet vigils keep
O'er my boy, in peaceful sleep,
Until th eternal day.

Darling, from the realms of light
Shed thy peace o'er me to-night—
Soothe my lone heart's aching;
Obtain for me that heavenly love,
Bind the golden chords above—
Chords that know no breaking.

Thy gentle spirit on I'll seek
With mute appeal for me to ask;
Oh, yet I have another—
Ask "Our Father" if thou mayst wait
My coming at the pearly gate,
And plead for an angel's mother.

Nashville, Sept. 21, 1876. MRS. ANNIE SCANLAN.

CALL.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the coming season at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., are requested to assemble Oct.

THE ALBERT W. AIKEN Combination began an engagement of one week at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Sept. 25, including Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The performance opened with "Taming a Goose," which introduced Jerry Cohan, Frank Budworth, J. D. Roome, Harry Wood, Emma Clayton and Fannie Wood in their specialty acts, all of which would be more appropriate to a variety hall. The bill concluded with the drama "Molly Maguires," Mr. Aiken playing Harry Audenreid to the satisfaction of the audiences. The above-named persons and several others in minor parts, figured in the cast. The upper part of the house was fairly filled each night, but the patronage down-stairs was light. Route ahead: Lowell, Mass., Oct. 5, Lawrence 6, Lynn, 7, Worcester 9, Springfield 10, Hartford, Ct., 11, Meriden 12, New Haven 13, Bridgeport 14, Brooklyn, N. Y., 16, one week, Troy 23, one week..... Maggie Mitchell opens Oct. 2 in "Mignon," to be followed by Alice Oates, then Stuart Robson, each for one week.

TWO ACTRESSES to assume Dutch characters are wanted by J. F. Warner, who advertises.

LUCILLE WESTON was the star attraction at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. "Reputance," her opening piece, proved to be what Mrs. Bowers presented here under the title of "Stricken Blind," and later by Clara Morris as "Marguerite." Some of the situations were changed to display more fully Miss Western's special abilities; but it did not draw, and "East Lynne" was substituted 27, "The Child-stealer" 28, "Green Bushes" and the curse scene from "Jane Shore" 29, and "Oliver Twist" filled out the week, including "East Lynne," at the matinee. Business ruled light. Miss Western suffered with a heavy cold, something that all stars experience from Buffalo weather, and her acting necessarily was lacking in essential qualities. The stock support was very good. Miss Pauline Merritt made her first appearance, winning her way to a front rank as a favorate, and Miss Annie Bleakley—who failed to receive notice last week—also favored us with some choice bits of acting. "An American's Gold," with George Boniface and Marie Stella, is the attraction beginning Oct. 2. Advices dated Sept. 30.

WILLIAM HERNANDEZ, youngest son of Hernandez and Helen Foster, died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 22, aged two years.

BARTEE'S COMPANY is billed to perform in Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 3, 4, 5.

FRED FELTON, manager of the Globe Dramatic Company, was presented by his wife with a nine-pound daughter in Barry, Ill., Sept. 25.

MISS MARIO GRANGER and company are to perform "Camille" in Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 4.

THE MCKEAN-CAMPBELL COMBINATION are to perform this week in Glasgow, Ky.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, the attraction for the week ending Sept. 30 was the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Mrs. and Mr. G. C. Howard as Topsy and St. Clair, George Kunkel as Uncle Tom, and the regular company. The play was well presented. The attendance averaged fair, the auditorium on several nights being filled; but as the other performances the attendance was moderate.

MUSICAL.

THE TESTIMONIAL CONCERT tendered to Miss Mamie A. Wambold, at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, Sept. 27, judging from the character of the audience and the enthusiastic applause which greeted every piece, was a brilliant success, wrote our correspondent on Sept. 30, continuing: "The house was well filled by a class well qualified to judge of the merits of a musical entertainment. Fred Sterns of New York, who was announced, was not present, owing to sickness, and his place was acceptably filled by Fred V. Jones of the Crescent Quartet. The entertainment commenced with a piano-solo, a selection from Beethoven, by Edward Schein, played in a somewhat careless manner, and not giving a favorable impression of his ability. The Crescent Quartet followed with "A Legend of the Rhine," rendered in a very effective style and eliciting hearty applause. After a solo by Will H. Moore of the Crescents, the event of the evening—the debut of Miss Wambold. The lady showed that she possesses a sweet, smooth and flexible voice of sufficient volume to easily fill the house. She sang in good style, and gave evidence of very careful training. Her articulation is almost perfect, every word and line of the song being understood. She was on the programme for two numbers, Gomez's 'Mia Piccerella' and Sullivan's 'Is This a Dream?' both of which she sang so acceptably as to elicit an emphatic encore. During the evening she was the recipient of several very elegant floral offerings."

BLIND TOM will be at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Oct. 2.

IN BALTIMORE, MD., on the night of Sept. 27, the French Benevolent Society gave an entertainment for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. The Academy of Music was thronged, and the performance proved an interesting musical event. Max Strakosch presided at the piano, having volunteered his presence, together with Mlle. Anna De Belocca, who sang six times, including encores. Mons. Theo. Robin of Paris and Mons. Eugene Oudin of New York sang exceptionably well, and were received with marked appreciation. Col. Charles Chaille Long (Bey), for the past seven years an officer in the Egyptian army, in a pleasing lecture recounted his experiences on the Upper Nile.

CHARLES BOUTON, a musician who has been connected with several of the theatres in St. Louis, Mo., died at the City Hospital there, on Sept. 28, after a short illness. He was 35 years of age, and was the husband of Millie Bouton, the vocalist, who is at present in Denver, Col., and to whom the sad news has been telegraphed.

MISS MARIE ANTOINETTE MARETZEK, a daughter of MAX MARETZEK, was married on Sept. 27, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Staten Island, to Henry A. Lindsay of Elizabeth, N. J.

MISS L. ASHTON, soprano vocalist, advertises for an engagement with a concert troupe.

"THE MALE COQUETTE," a new serio-comic song, is published by T. A. Crosbie, who advertises.

A COMPANY AND SOUBRETTE and BURA PLAYER desires an engagement. See L. J. Adams' card.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to perform in Dansers, Mass., Oct. 2, Peabody 3, Wakefield 4, Reading 5, Melrose 6, Malden 6, Medford 9, Stoneham 10, Lexington 11, Concord 12, Ayer 13, Fitchburg 14.

THE KELLOGG CONCERT COMPANY, consisting of Clara Louise Kellogg, Marie Lancaster, Alfred H. Pease and Sig. Ferranti and Fristch, gave an entertainment in Bridgeport, Ct., Sept. 29, to a large audience, extra trains having been run on all the railroads.

CHARLES THOMPSON, a local tenor received a complimentary benefit in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Sept. 26, it being the first performance of the season in that theatre. During the recess the auditorium has been redecorated and improved.

FOR HUNTLEY'S CONCERT COMPANY, which will shortly leave Boston, the following have been engaged: Prof. Andrus, Minnie Warren, Lizzie Franklin and Annie Kingman. William A. Huntley will be the chief attraction, F. G. Brayton businessmanager, and C. H. Hundley agent.

THE CECILIAN SOCIETY of Philadelphia, which met with a favorable reception during its first season, renewed its rehearsals on the evening of Sept. 26, under the leadership of Michael H. Cross. This society starts with a roll of over 250 members, numbering among them some of the best voices in Philadelphia.

THE CENTENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, under the musical direction of Theodore Thomas, came to a close with the performance on the evening of Sept. 30.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will commence a season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Oct. 16, performing four operas each week, viz., Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT, daughter of the tragedian E. L. Davenport, and who lately has been in Europe on the operatic stage as Mlle. Bianca La Blanche, is at present in Philadelphia, stopping with her sister, Mrs. Frost Thorn.

MISS KELLOGG has reorganized her English-opera Company for the fourth season, under the management of C. D. Hess, commencing at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16. The list of artists includes Miss Fanny Manetti, soprano; Mlle. Chromi, mezzo-soprano; Mme. Rosewald, soprano; Mrs. Maldaner-Seguin, contralto; Lodi Rhodes and C. E. Turner, tenors; William Carleton, baritone; Geo. A. Conly and H. C. Peakes, bassos; Edward Seguin, buffo; Misses Lancaster and Howard and Messrs. Cayia, Tams and Holland. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and a new version of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" are among the repertory announced to be given during the season.

CARE.—The artists and choristers engaged for the Kellogg English-opera Company are requested in Manager Hess' card, published in another column, to assemble at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 9.

VARIETY HALLS.

VARIETY ITEMS from Cincinnati, O., to Sept. 29, are sent us in the following correspondence: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 26 were Conners and Kelly in Ethiopian and Irish specialties; the Willis Sisters—Jennie and Jessie—in serio-comic vocalisms; Charles Diamond, the musician and song-and-dancer; Sam Devere, Jr., Miss Carr, Charley Norman, and James S. Jackson, comedians; and Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish nightingale. A first-part was a new feature for this season, with Lilly Vane and Agnes Sutherland as balladists, Charles McDonald as interlocutor, and Norman, Carr, Jackson, Kelly, Conners, and Billy Bergen as end-men. The specialties of Ida Hayden, the Mendels, and John Manning completed the programme. Biz was fair. John Manning and Lilly Vane are to be married on the stage of the theatre, in the presence of the audience, on Sunday evening, Oct. 1. The new people underlined for Oct. 2 are Adrienne Grey, Annie Hall, Ada Lynwood and Rosa Celeste..... A good entertainment has been given to an excellent business at Shickling's Opera-music Hall during the past week, the company embracing the Larue Family—William, Master Willie and Master Johnny—who are excellent clog-artists and gymnasts; Billy and Maggie Ray in their Ethiopian sketches, which take well; Blanche Garrilla, trapeze artist; Clara Sidelle, male impersonator; John Fisher, Dutch comique; Leona and Ella, child song-and-dance artists; Ettis Florence, vocalist; and Charley Amos, the comedian. Next week will be Lew M. Meech's Managerie, which is to be retained during the Winter, a structure having just been built for the animals in the garden adjoining the hall: H. W. Eagan, Jennie Eagan, Josie Farren, Lowisa Bliss and H. P. Rodges at Heuck's Hall the company embraces the Perry Brothers, Lydia Rosa, Herr Schulze, Marsh Adams, Hugh McNanny, Jas. Douglass, Chas. W. Young, Leo, Norman Brothers, Kate Eilsland and La Pauline. Business is large, and a good show is given ..... At the Lowen-garden Theatre the new appearances during the past week were the Cooper Brothers, Queen and Hall, Weston Brothers, Mary Mitchell, Lizzie and Dick Robinson, Lynn Sisters, Madame Sartori, and Franklin Brothers. The Coopers close to-morrow, going to Chicago. Biz fair..... At the Eldorado Theatre Comique there have been playing, the past week, Charley King, Sheridan Brothers, Charley Gallagher, Dick Dowlin, Prof. Chas. Robertus, M. J. Hayes, Clara Stanley, Minnie Herndon, Little Dot and Abbie Carew. Business reported good..... Company at the Adelphi: Ella McCaslin, Annie Griffin, Lizzie Mitchell, Lizzie Jackson, M. A. Rattelle, Dan Griffin, Tommy Dayton and Tommy Cassidy. Ned Reed and Ada St. Clair are underlined for Oct. 2. Dan Griffin closes to-morrow, going to Nashville. Biz very fair."

DELEHANTY AND CUMMINGS open at the Theatre Comique, this city, Oct. 2. They will give a new act, entitled "I Hope I Don't Intrude," during their engagement. An extract from the Syracuse (N. Y.) press, complimenting their performances, is published in another column.

THE CARROLLS can be addressed for engagements as par card.

LADY ARTISTS are wanted by J. J. Jones, proprietor Theatre Comique, Lonaconing, Md., who advertises.

PETITE AND WHITE, song-and-dance and specialty artists, open at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Oct. 16.

JOHN C. LEONETT, blindfolded trapeze artist, desires a partner. See card.

THE ENTERTAINMENT at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., last week opened with the farce of "Our Gal," in which Adah Richmond made her first appearance in some time. It proved acceptable, and Miss Richmond was as bright and pretty as ever. Sam Devere followed in banjo-solos, and then him Sam Baylis gave his "Lilliputian Living Shadows." Then Watson and Ellis appeared in "The Deitcher Boy and Girl;" T. M. Hengler followed as "The Merry Minstrel;" Adah Richmond, handsomely attired, gave several new songs; Schoolcraft and Goes their sketch of "Alabama Homies;" Blanche Gerrish sang "Eileen Allanna," and one or two other selections, very prettily; McKee and Walters then appeared in the act called "Mischief," Kelly and Ryan as "The Jolly Old Codgers," "The Irish Policeman," and "The Bad-carrier," and the performance closed with the novelty of "Creedmoor," introducing the Queen's Own (from Canada), the Skidniores, the Buswmarks, and the Mulligan Guards. Maggie Weston's engagement has been postponed, in consequence of illness. The new people for Oct. 2 will be the Fieldings, Millie Tournour, Baby Bindley, Stewart Dare, T. Hall, Johnson and Bruno, Frank Lee's and Jennie Worrell.

NOTWITHSTANDING the counter-attractions, the New Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., is crowded nightly. The new faces Sept. 25 were H. W. Eagan, B. S. Hodges, Jennie Eagan, Jacques Satterlee, Louisa Bliss, Josie Farron and the Yales. H. W. Eagan and B. S. Hodges appeared in a burlesque of "The Two Orphans," and later in the evening, in connection with Miss Bliss, they gave a musical sketch entitled "One Year After Marriage." Miss Jennie Eagan appeared in a skipping-rope dance; also in a Polish mazurka. Jacques Satterlee gave a leap-for-life feat, which was well executed. He deservedly appeared. Miss Josie Farron danced "The Black Crook Gallop," and was the recipient of a recall. Miss Louisa Bliss sang a variety of serio-comic songs in a pleasing manner, and Admiral and Lulu Yale appeared in a sensational drama, "Never too Late." The Morasco Family and Mlle. Estelle depart for Indianapolis 30. Miss Nellie Howard and the Claire Sisters for Cleveland, and Homer and Holly for Chicago. The New York Statue Troupe are billed for Oct. 2. Advices of Sept. 29.

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AT SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich., business has been particularly light the past week, owing to counter-attractions. The specialists set for Sept. 25 were Sheehan and Jones, sketch artists, who made a hit, and Sullivan and Greene in their sketch "Avoirdupois," which was liberally encored. The arrivals announced for Oct. 2 are Miss Marcelle, characters; Ada Clifford, Clara Stanley, Minnie Bosalin, Kitty Durand, Jerome and Cameron, the Mendells—Harry and Leona—and Dick Mack.

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WILLIAM HERNANDEZ, youngest son of Hernandez and Helen Foster, died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 22, aged two years.

BARTEE'S COMPANY is billed to perform in Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 3, 4, 5.

FRED FELTON, manager of the Globe Dramatic Company, was presented by his wife with a nine-pound daughter in Barry, Ill., Sept. 25.

MISS MARIO GRANGER and company are to perform "Camille" in Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 4.

THE MCKEAN-CAMPBELL COMBINATION are to perform this week in Glasgow, Ky.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, the attraction for the week ending Sept. 30 was the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Mrs. and Mr. G. C. Howard as Topsy and St. Clair, George Kunkel as Uncle Tom, and the regular company. The play was well presented. The attendance averaged fair, the auditorium on several nights being filled; but as the other performances the attendance was moderate.

MUSICAL.

THE TESTIMONIAL CONCERT tendered to Miss Mamie A. Wambold, at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, Sept. 27, judging from the character of the audience and the enthusiastic applause which greeted every piece, was a brilliant success, wrote our correspondent on Sept. 30, continuing: "The house was well filled by a class well qualified to judge of the merits of a musical entertainment. Fred Sterns of New York, who was announced, was not present, owing to sickness, and his place was acceptably filled by Fred V. Jones of the Crescent Quartet. The entertainment commenced with a piano-solo, a selection from Beethoven, by Edward Schein, played in a somewhat careless manner, and not giving a favorable impression of his ability. The Crescent Quartet followed with "A Legend of the Rhine," rendered in a very effective style and eliciting hearty applause. After a solo by Will H. Moore of the Crescents, the event of the evening—the debut of Miss Wambold. The lady showed that she possesses a sweet, smooth and flexible voice of sufficient volume to easily fill the house. She sang in good style, and gave evidence of very careful training. Her articulation is almost perfect, every word and line of the song being understood. She was on the programme for two numbers, Gomez's 'Mia Piccerella' and Sullivan's 'Is This a Dream?' both of which she sang so acceptably as to elicit an emphatic encore. During the evening she was the recipient of several very elegant floral offerings."

BLIND TOM will be at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Oct. 2.

IN BALTIMORE, MD., on the night of Sept. 27, the French Benevolent Society gave an entertainment for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. The Academy of Music was thronged, and the performance proved an interesting musical event. Max Strakosch presided at the piano, having volunteered his presence, together with Mlle. Anna De Belocca, who sang six times, including encores. Mons. Theo. Robin of Paris and Mons. Eugene Oudin of New York sang exceptionably well, and were received with marked appreciation. Col. Charles Chaille Long (Bey), for the past seven years an officer in the Egyptian army, in a pleasing lecture recounted his experiences on the Upper Nile.

CHARLES BOUTON, a musician who has been connected with several of the theatres in St. Louis, Mo., died at the City Hospital there, on Sept. 28, after a short illness. He was 35 years of age, and was the husband of Millie Bouton, the vocalist, who is at present in Denver, Col., and to whom the sad news has been telegraphed.

MISS MARIE ANTOINETTE MARETZEK, a daughter of MAX MARETZEK, was married on Sept. 27, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Staten Island, to Henry A. Lindsay of Elizabeth, N. J.

MISS L. ASHTON, soprano vocalist, advertises for an engagement with a concert troupe.

"THE MALE COQUETTE," a new serio-comic song, is published by T. A. Crosbie, who advertises.

A COMPANY AND SOUBRETTE and BURA PLAYER desires an engagement. See L. J. Adams' card.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to perform in Dansers, Mass., Oct. 2, Peabody 3, Wakefield 4, Reading 5, Melrose 6, Malden 6, Medford 9, Stoneham 10, Lexington 11, Concord 12, Ayer 13, Fitchburg 14.

THE KELLOGG CONCERT COMPANY, consisting of Clara Louise Kellogg, Marie Lancaster, Alfred H. Pease and Sig. Ferranti and Fristch, gave an entertainment in Bridgeport, Ct., Sept. 29, to a large audience, extra trains having been run on all the railroads.

CHARLES THOMPSON, a local tenor received a complimentary benefit in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Sept. 26, it being the first performance of the season in that theatre. During the recess the auditorium has been redecorated and improved.

FOR HUNTLEY'S CONCERT COMPANY, which will shortly leave Boston, the following have been engaged: Prof. Andrus, Minnie Warren, Lizzie Franklin and Annie Kingman. William A. Huntley will be the chief attraction, F. G. Brayton business-manager, and C. H. Hundley agent.

THE CECILIAN SOCIETY of Philadelphia, which met with a favorable reception during its first season, renewed its rehearsals on the evening of Sept. 26, under the leadership of Michael H. Cross. This society starts with a roll of over 250 members, numbering among them some of the best voices in Philadelphia.

THE CENTENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, under the musical direction of Theodore Thomas, came to a close with the performance on the evening of Sept. 30.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will commence a season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Oct. 16, performing four operas each week, viz., Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT, daughter of the tragedian E. L. Davenport, and who lately has been in Europe on the operatic stage as Mlle. Bianca La Blanche, is at present in Philadelphia, stopping with her sister, Mrs. Frost Thorn.

MISS KELLOGG has reorganized her English-opera Company for the fourth season, under the management of C. D. Hess, commencing at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16. The list of artists includes Miss Fanny Manetti, soprano; Mlle. Chromi, mezzo-soprano; Mme. Rosewald, soprano; Mrs. Maldaner-Seguin, contralto; Lodi Rhodes and C. E. Turner, tenors; William Carleton, baritone; Geo. A. Conly and H. C. Peakes, bassos; Edward Seguin, buffo; Misses Lancaster and Howard and Messrs. Cayia, Tams and Holland. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and a new version of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" are among the repertory announced to be given during the season.

CARE.—The artists and choristers engaged for the Kellogg English-opera Company are requested in Manager Hess' card, published in another column, to assemble at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 9.

VARIETY HALLS.

VARIETY ITEMS from Cincinnati, O., to Sept. 29, are sent us in the following correspondence: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 26 were Conners and Kelly in Ethiopian and Irish specialties; the Willis Sisters—Jennie and Jessie—in serio-comic vocalisms; Charles Diamond, the musician and song-and-dancer; Sam Devere, Jr., Miss Carr, Charley Norman, and James S. Jackson, comedians; and Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish nightingale. A first-part was a new feature for this season, with Lilly Vane and Agnes Sutherland as balladists, Charles McDonald as interlocutor, and Norman, Carr, Jackson, Kelly, Conners, and Billy Bergen as end-men. The specialties of Ida Hayden, the Mendels, and John Manning completed the programme. Biz was fair. John Manning and Lilly Vane are to be married on the stage of the theatre, in the presence of the audience, on Sunday evening, Oct. 1. The new people underlined for Oct. 2 are Adrienne Grey, Annie Hall, Ada Lynwood and Rosa Celeste..... A good entertainment has been given to an excellent business at Shickling's Opera-music Hall during the past week, the company embracing the Larue Family—William, Master Willie and Master Johnny—who are excellent clog-artists and gymnasts; Billy and Maggie Ray in their Ethiopian sketches, which take well; Blanche Garrilla, trapeze artist; Clara Sidelle, male impersonator; John Fisher, Dutch comique; Leona and Ella, child song-and-dance artists; Ettis Florence, vocalist; and Charley Amos, the comedian. Next week will be Lew M. Meech's Managerie, which is to be retained during the Winter, a structure having just been built for the animals in the garden adjoining the hall: H. W. Eagan, Jennie Eagan, Josie Farren, Lowisa Bliss and H. P. Rodges at Heuck's Hall the company embraces the Perry Brothers, Lydia Rosa, Herr Schulze, Marsh Adams, Hugh McNanny, Jas. Douglass, Chas. W. Young, Leo, Norman Brothers, Kate Eilsland and La Pauline. Business is large, and a good show is given ..... At the Lowen-garden Theatre the new appearances during the past week were the Cooper Brothers, Queen and Hall, Weston Brothers, Mary Mitchell, Lizzie and Dick Robinson, Lynn Sisters, Madame Sartori, and Franklin Brothers. The Coopers close to-morrow, going to Chicago. Biz fair..... At the Eldorado Theatre Comique there have been playing, the past week, Charley King, Sheridan Brothers, Charley Gallagher, Dick Dowlin, Prof. Chas. Robertus, M. J. Hayes, Clara Stanley, Minnie Herndon, Little Dot and Abbie Carew. Business reported good..... Company at the Adelphi: Ella McCaslin, Annie Griffin, Lizzie Mitchell, Lizzie Jackson, M. A. Rattelle, Dan Griffin, Tommy Dayton and Tommy Cassidy. Ned Reed and Ada St. Clair are underlined for Oct. 2. Dan Griffin closes to-morrow, going to Nashville. Biz very fair."

DELEHANTY AND CUMMINGS open at the Theatre Comique, this city, Oct. 2. They will give a new act, entitled "I Hope I Don't Intrude," during their engagement. An extract from the Syracuse (N. Y.) press, complimenting their performances, is published in another column.

THE CARROLLS can be addressed for engagements as par card.

LADY ARTISTS are wanted by J. J. Jones, proprietor Theatre Comique, Lonaconing, Md., who advertises.

PETITE AND WHITE, song-and-dance and specialty artists, open at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Oct. 16.

JOHN C. LEONETT, blindfolded trapeze artist, desires a partner. See card.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, during the week ending Sept. 30, the programme commenced with an amusing eccentricity, "A War of Races," followed by Miss L

TERMS.

Single copy 10 cents. Per annum, $4.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is made from each yearly subscription.

ADVERTISING under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance. FRANK QUEEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

$500. WANTED, $500

A Partner with the above amount to invest, to place HALLRUE'S PANOPTICON OF WAR SHOW AND MOVING FIGURES, before the public.

A CERTAIN SUCCESS.

Or I will rent and loan the same to a responsible party. Address MRS. D. C. LA RUE, Brockport, N. Y.
27-3t

DOLLIE BIDWELL

CAN BE ADDRESSED

27-3t 904 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—A variety of very elegant illusions, Punch-and-Judy Figures and Ventriloquial Heads, always on hand. Enlarged Wizard's Wonderful Cabinet, chock full of wonders; six tricks and instructions for sixteen others, with Magician's Opening and Concluding Speeches. Free by mail for 25c. Davenport Rope trick, 7c. Inclose stamp for price-lists, or 15c. for new illustrated 48-page catalogue. Address W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, N. Y.
27-13t*

MISS LOUISE FRANKLIN

DISENGAGED,

having completed a very successful engagement with John Bietson at the HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

OPINION OF BOSTON HERALD, SEPT. 5:

"The songs of Miss Franklin were sweet and melodious, and she proved one of the finest balladists ever seen in Boston." Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.
27-3t*

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA. Price 15 cents each. This very popular series of plays contains ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN PIECES, including nearly all THE LATEST GREAT SUCCESSES, as well as MANY of the OLD FAVORITES. These plays are written and prepared expressly for ACTING on the Minstrel and Variety Stages. Full explanatory and descriptive catalogues will be sent gratis, postage paid, on application to ROBERT M. DE WITT, Publisher,
27-4t No. 33 Rose street, New York.

LYCEUM THEATRE, N. Y. CITY.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY WANTED.

Commencing in November, 1876.

Applications are requested from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, who have had thorough experience in Shakesperian plays. Those not personally known to the undersigned, a recommendation should accompany letter. State what characters you have acted in the standard works. Replies to applicants will be given by Oct. 15.

Address J. H. McVICKER, care Simmonds & Wall, 10 Union square, New York City. 27-3t

HI CHAPMAN, BUSINESS or STAGE MANAGER. Interlocutor and General Stright Business, open for engagement is for season of 1876 and '77.
25-4t* 321 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE VICTORELLIS—HENRY AND ELDON—AND MISS A. BRADDON have played four weeks in Cincinnati with great success. Now at the Vaudeville Theatre, Akron. Engaged with the Hegwood Bros.' Great Show for the season. 2-51*

HARRIS OPERA-HOUSE,

MAQUOKETA, JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA.

NEW AND ELEGANT;

CAPACITY 1,000;

well lighted and ventilated; new first-class piano; large stage and good accommodations. First-class troupes, please address for dates, J. C. HARRIS, Proprietor. 25-13

MUSIC HALL,

LYNN, MASS.

The attention of Managers and agents is called to this well-known and popular theatre. Having been recently thoroughly remodeled, it is the best in New England for traveling companies. The stage, having been enlarged, now measures 42x60 feet; has six sets of grooves, one forty changes of scenery, and a great number of set pieces; also runs, platforms, bridges, etc.; and, having panorama grooves and arched borders, can show a set 25ft. in height, and is under the care of a stage-carpenter who thoroughly understands his business.

The hall has a seating capacity of 1,451, contains good, airy dressing-rooms, and the property and baggage-rooms; is heated by steam, and the stage lighted by electricity. For further particulars, apply to SILSBEE & PICKFORD, Agents,
34-13t* No. 1 Union Block.

THOUSANDS have been made happy by using Geo. C. Dobson's simplified method for Banjo and Guitar.

TENURE AND TROUBLE OF TEACHER SAVED. By its thorough and practical explanations you at once learn to play either instrument. Bound book, 80 pages, sent on receipt of price, 75cts. each. JOHN F. PERRY & CO., 338 Wash. street, Boston, Mass. 25-13t

CALL.

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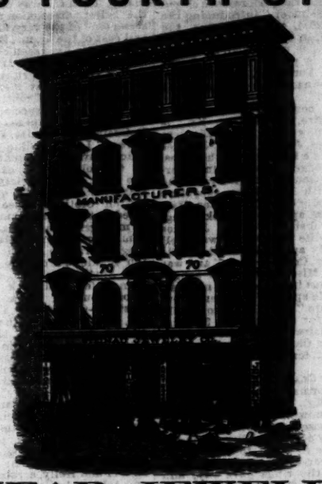

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